ANTHOLOGY OF MAGAZINE VERSE

FOR 1920

BY

WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1920

ANTHOLOGY
OF
MAGAZINE VERSE
FOR 1920

AND YEAR BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

EDITED BY
WILLIAM STANLEY BRAITHWAITE

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TO
MY FRIEND
ANDREW McCANCE
WHO KEEPS BOOKS OLD AND NEW
PERIODICALS FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
AT 2 PARK STREET, BOSTON
GENIAL, WISE AND WITTY
AND BELOVED BY A
GENERATION OF LITERARY FOLK
AND OTHERS
AS A TELLER OF GOOD STORIES

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TAP-ROOT OR MELTING-POT?*

Recent American poetry is to recent British poetry somewhat as New York is to London. Its colors are higher and gayer and more diverse; its outlines are more jagged and more surprising; its surfaces glitter and flash as British poetical surfaces do not always do, though its substances are often not so solid or so downright as the British. Nowhere in America have we a poet of the deep integrity of Thomas Hardy, a poet so rooted in ancient soil, ancient manners, ancient dialect. Nor has England a poet shining from so many facets as Amy Lowell, or a poet resounding with such a clang of cymbals — now gold, now iron — as Vachel Lindsay. Experiment thrives better here than there; at least, our adventurers in verse, when they go out on novel quests for novel beauties, are less likely than the British to be held in by steadying tradition, and they bring back all sorts of gorgeous plunder considerably nearer in hue and texture to the flaming shop-windows of Fifth Avenue than to those soberer ones of Bond and Regent Streets. Even John Masefield, most brilliant living poet of his nation, runs true to British form, grounded in Chaucer and Crabbe, fragrant with English meadows, salt with England's sea. Edgar Lee Masters, as accurately read in Illinois as Masefield in Gloucester writes of Spoon River not in any manner or measure inher-

*This introduction appeared as an editorial in *The Nation* and it so comprehensively expresses the character and quality of the art in America today.

ited with his speech, but more nearly in that of the Greek Anthology, by Masters sharpened with a bitter irony.

In all directions such borrowings extend. Even popular verse men of the newspapers play daily pranks with Horace, fetching him from the cool shades of wit to the riotous companionship of Franklin P. Adams and George M. Cohan. China and Japan have suddenly been discovered again by Miss Lowell and Mr. Lindsay and Witter Bynner and Eunice Tietjens and a dozen others; have been discovered to be rich treasuries of exquisite images, costumes, gestures, moods, emotions. The corners of Europe have been ransacked by American poets as by American collectors, and translators at last are finding South America. Imagism has been imported and has taken kindly to our climate: H. D. is its finest spirit, Miss Lowell its firmest spokesman. Ezra Pound is a translator-general of poetic bibelots, who seems to know all tongues and who ransacks them without stint or limit. With exploration goes excavation. Poets are cross-examining the immigrants, as T. A. Daly the Italian-Americans. The myths and passions of Africa, hidden on this continent under three centuries of neglect and oppression, have emerged with a new accent in Mr. Lindsay, who does indeed see his negroes too close to their original jungles, but who finds in them poetry where earlier writers found only farce or sentiment. Still more remarkably, the Indian, his voice long drowned by the march of civilization, is heard again in tender and significant notes. Speaking so solely to his own tribe, and taking for granted that each hearer knows the lore of the tribe, the Indian must now be expanded, interpreted; and already Mary Austin and Alice Corbin and Constance Lindsay Skinner have worked charming patterns on an Indian ground. At the moment, so far as American poetry is concerned, Arizona and

New Mexico are an authentic wonderland of the nation. Now poets and lovers of poetry and romance, as well as ethnologists, follow the news of the actual excavations in that quarter.

Indian and negro materials, however, are in our poetry still hardly better than aspects of the exotic. No one who matters actually thinks that a national literature can be founded on such alien bases. Where, then, are our poets to find some such stout tap-root of memory and knowledge as Thomas Hardy follows deep down to the primal rock of England? The answer is that for the present we are not to find it. We possess no such commodity. Our literature for generations, perhaps centuries, will have to be symbolized by the melting pot, not by the tap-root. Our geographical is also our spiritual destiny. The old idea of America-making in its absurd ignorance demanded that each wave of newcomers be straightway melted down into the national pot and that the resultant mass be as simply Anglo-Saxon as ever. This was bad chemistry. What has happened, and what is now happening more than ever, is that of a dozen — a hundred — nationalities thrown in, each lends a peculiar color and quality. Arturo Giovannitti gives something that Robert Frost could not give; Carl Sandburg something not to be looked for from Edwin Arlington Robinson; James Oppenheim and Alter Brody what would not come from Indiana or Kansas. Such a fusion, of course, takes a long time. The great myths and legends and histories of the Britons lay unworked for centuries in Anglo-Saxon England before the Normans saw them and built them into beauty. Eventually, unless the world changes in some way quite new to history, the fusion will be accomplished. But in the meantime experimentation and exploration and excavation must be kept up. We must convert our necessities into virtues; must, lacking the deep soil of memory,

which is also prejudice and tradition, cultivate the thinner soil which may also be reason and cheerfulness. Our hope lies in diversity, in variety, in colors yet untried, in forms yet unsuspected. And back of all this search lie the many cultures, converging like immigrant ships toward the narrows, with aspirations all to become American and yet with those things in their different constitutions which will enrich the ultimate substance.

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I wish, also, to thank the Boston Transcript Company for permission to use material which appeared in my annual review of American poetry in the columns of *The Evening Transcript*, and to The Nation Press, Inc., for permission to reprint the editorial which stands as the introduction to this volume.

To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology:*

The Macmillan Company: "The Wandering Jew," "Tact," and "Inferential," in *The Three Taverns*, by Edwin Arlington Robinson; "To Other Marys," in *Youth Riding: Lyrics*, by Mary Carolyn Davies; "I Thought of You," "Oh Day of Fire and Sun," "When Death is Over," "The Long Hill," "What Do I Care," in *Flame and Shadow* by Sara Teasdale.

Henry Holt and Company: "Little Caribou Makes Big Talk," in *Many Many Moons*, by Lew Sarett.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Storm and Sun," in *Dust and Light*, by John Hall Wheelock.

E. P. Dutton and Company: "A Nature Lover Passes," in *A Minstrel Sings*, by Daniel Henderson.

The Yale University Press: "The House at Evening," and "Her Way," in *The Perpetual Light*, by William Rose Benet; "Farmers," in *In April Once*, by William Alexander Percy.

Small, Maynard and Company: "Maximilian Marvelous," and "Transformation," in *Veils of Samite* by J. Corson Miller; "*April*," in.

Harcourt, Brace and Howe, Inc.: "The Lawyers Know Too Much," "Accomplished Facts" and "Tangibles," in *The City of Smoke*, by Carl Sandburg; "Rebels" and "Auction: Anderson Galleries," in *The New Adam* by Louis Untermeyer.

Brentano's: "You Talk of This and That" and "He Did Not Know," in *Chanties and Songs* by Harry Kemp.

B. W. Huebsch: "Exile," "Gesture" and "Resemblance," in *The Hesitant Heart*, by Winifred Welles.

Nicholas L. Brown: "Dorothy," in *The Blood of Things: A Second Book of Free Forms*, by Alfred Kreymborg.

Alfred A. Knopf: "Sonnet" and "Ending",in "*Advice and Other Poems*" by Maxwell Bodenheim.

THE BLACK ROCK

To Thomas Hardy

I

Off the long headland, threshed about by round-backed
breakers,
There is a black rock, standing high at the full tide;
Off the headland there is emptiness,
And the moaning of the ocean,
And the black rock standing alone.

In the orange wake of sunset,
When the gulls have fallen silent,
And the winds slip out and meet together from the
edges of the sea,
Settled down in the dark water,
Fragment of the earth abandoned,
Ragged and huge the black rock stands.

It is as if it listened,
Stood and listened very intently
To the everlasting swish and boom and hiss of spray,
Listened to the creeping-on of night;
While afar off, to the westward,
Dark clouds silently are packed together,
With a dull red glow between.

It is listening, it is lonely;
For the sunlight
Showed it houses near the headland,
Trees and flowers;
For the sunlight caused to grow upon it scanty blades
of grass,
In the crannies of the rock,
Here and there;
For the sunlight brought it back remembrance of a
world
Long rejected

And long lost;
Showed it white sails near the coast,
Children paddling in the bay,
Signs of life and kinship with mankind
Long forgot.
Now the sunset leaves it there,
Bare, rejected, a black scrap of rock,
Battered by the tides,
Wallowing in the sea.

Bleak, adrift,
Shattered like a monstrous ship of stone,
Left aground
By the waters, on its voyage;
With no foot to touch its deck,
With no hand to lift its sails,
There it stands.

II

Gulls wheel near it in the sunlight,
White backs flash;
Gray wings eddy, curl, are lifted, swept away,
On a wave;
Gulls pass rapidly in the sunlight
Round about it.

Gulls pass, screaming harshly to the wave-thrusts,
Laughing in uncanny voices;
Lonely flocks of great white birds,
Like to ghosts;

But the black rock does not welcome them,
Knows by heart already all their cries;
Hears, repeated, for the millionth millionth time
All the bitterness of ocean
Howling through their voices.

It still dreams of other things,
Of the cities and the fields,

And the lands near to the coast
Where the lonely grassy valleys
Full of dun herds deeply browsing,
Sweep in wide curves to the sea;

It still holds the memory
Of the wild bees booming, murmuring,
In the fields of thyme and clover,
And the shadows of broad trees
Towards noon:

It still lifts its huge scarred sides
Vainly to the burning glare of sun,
With the memory of doom
Thick upon them;
And the hope that by some fate
It may come once more to be
Part of all the earth it had;

Freed from clamor of the waves,
From the broken planks and wreckage
Drifting aimless here and there,
With the tides;
Freed to share its life with earth,
And to be a dwelling-place
For the outcast tribes of men,
Once again.

III

In the morning,
When the dark clouds whirl swift over,
From the southeast, dragging with them
Heavy curtains of gray rain,

The black rock rejoices.
All its little gullies drip with cool refreshing showers.
All the crannies, all the steeps,
All the meagre sheltered places
Fill with drip and tinkle of the rain.

But when the afternoon between the clouds
Leaves adrift cool patches of the sea,
Between floes of polar snow;

Then the rock is all aflame:
Diamond, emeralds, topazes,
Burn and shatter, and it seems
Like a garden filled with flowers.

Like a garden where the rapid wheeling lights
And black shadows lift and sway and fall;
Spring and summer and red autumn chase each other
Moment after moment, on its face.

So, till sunset
Lifts once more its lonely crimson torch,
Menacing and mournful, far away;
Then an altar left abandoned, it stands facing all the horizon
Where the light departs.

Massive black and crimson towers,
Cities carven by the wind from out the clouds of sunset look at it;
It has dreamed them, it has made this sacrifice,
Now it sees their rapid passing,
Soon it will be bleak and all alone.

IV

Abrupt and broken rock,
Black rock, awash in the midst of the waters,
Lonely, aloof, deserted,
Impotent to change;

Storm-clouds lift off,
The dawn strikes the hills far inland.
But you are forever tragic and apart,
Forever battling with the sea;

Till the waves have ground you to dust —
Till the ages are all accomplished,
Till you have relinquished the last reluctant fragment
To the gnawing teeth of the wave;

I know the force of your patience,
I have shared your grim silent struggle,
The mad dream you have, and will not abandon,
To cover your strength with gay flowers;

Keel of the world, apart,
I have lived like you.

Some men are soil of the earth;
Their lives are broad harvest fields
Green in the spring, and gold in their season,
Then barren and mown;

But those whom my soul has loved
Are bare rocks standing off headlands;
Cherishing, perhaps, a few bitter wild flowers,
That bloom in the granite, year after year.

The Yale Review *John Gould Fletcher*

THE APPLES

—The world is wasted with fire and sword
But the apples of gold hang over the sea.—

When the wounded seaman heard the ocean daughters
With their dreamy call
Lull the stormy demon of the waters,
He remembered all.

He remembered knowing of an island charted,
"Past a flying fire,"
Where a fruit was growing, winey-hearted,
Called "the mind's desire."

Near him broke the stealing rollers into jewels
Round a tree, and there
Sorrow's end and healing, peace, renewals
Ripened in the air.

So he knew he'd found it and he watched the glory
Burning on the tree
With the dancers round it — like the story —
In the swinging sea.

Lovely round the honey-colored fruit, the motion
Made a leafy stir.
Songs were in that sunny tree of ocean
Where the apples were.

First the ocean sung them, then the daughters after,
Dancing to the word.
Beauty danced among them with low laughter
And the harp was heard.

In that sea's immeasurable music sounded
Songs of peace, and still
From the bough the treasure hung down rounded
To the seaman's will.

Redder than the jewel-seeded beach and sharper
Were the wounds he bore,
Hearing, past the cruel dark, a harper
Lulling on the shore.

Long he watched the wonders, ringed with lovely perils,
Watched the apples gleam
In the sleepy thunders on the beryls,
Then he breathed his dream:

"Bloody lands and flaming seas and cloudy slaughter,
Hateful fogs unfurled,
Steely horror, shaming sky and water,
These have wreathed the world.

"Give me fruit for freighting, till my anchor grapples
Home beyond the vast.
Earth shall end her hating through the apples
And be healed at last."

Then the sea-girls, lifting up their lovely voices
With the secret word,
Sang it through the drifting ocean noises
And the sailor heard;

Ocean-old the answers reached his failing sinew,
Touched, unveiled his eyes;
"Beach and bough and dancers are within you,
There the island lies.

"Though the heavens harden, though the thunders
hover,
Though our song be mute,
Burning in our garden for the lover
Still unfolds the fruit."

Outward from that shore the happy sailor, turning,
Passed the fleets of sleep,
Passed his pain and bore the secret, burning,
Homeward to the deep.

The Nation *Ridgely Torrence*

INVOCATION

Make of my voice a blue-edged sword, Oh, Lord!
Strengthen my soul to deliver your war-cry,
Make of my voice a blue-edged sword, Oh, Lord!

Out of my frailness fashion a piercing reed,
Out of my pity a great battle ax,
Out of my frailness fashion a piercing reed!

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I have had a vision and I cannot sleep,
A vision consumes me and tears me apart,
I have had a vision and I cannot sleep.

Oh body of mine, make of yourself a stronghold,
Gird yourself in the steel of your vision,
Oh body of mine, make of yourself a stronghold!

Make of my breath an infinite prophecy, Oh, Lord!
Make of my song a summons to prayer,
Make of my breath an infinite prophecy, Oh, Lord!

A vision consumes me and I am its slave and its lover,
Make of my spirit a song so that I may announce it!
A vision consumes me and I am its slave and its lover.

Contemporary Verse *Marya Alexandrovna Zaturensky*

BEAUTY

. . . and The Good, which lies beyond is the Fountain at once and Principle of Beauty: the Primal Good and the Primal Beauty have the one dwelling-place and, thus, always, Beauty's seat is There.—PLOTINUS.

The sun shines bright in many places,
Beauty stoops into the vault;
One Light illumines many faces,
Shows perfection through the fault.
And every mountain, sky or river
Holds one heavenly reply
To my questions, from the Giver
Of the Gift that cannot die.
Yet I destroy my purest pleasure
While I hesitate, compare.
God is the undivided Treasure . . .
Timeless Beauty is my share.

The Catholic World *Armel O'Connor*

CONFESSIONAL

I do not kneel at night, to say a prayer;
I think of spiders and I do not dare!

My knees are thin, and easily they could
Gather a splinter, roughened from the wood.

I'm cold, and bed is warm; I'm better there,
Than in the outer darkness of a prayer!

But when the morning wakes up, pink and cool,
And sunrise makes our peach-blooms glory-full;

And God comes smiling down the garden-walk,
I run and slip my hand in His, and talk!

I tell Him that I am a naughty lamb;
He laughs and says He made me as I am!

Contemporary Verse — *Katharine McCluskey*

THE DANCER IN THE SHRINE

I am a dancer. When I pray
I do not gather thoughts with clumsy thread
Into poor phrases. Birds all have a way
Of singing home the truth that they are birds,
And so my loving litany is said
Without the aid of words.
I am a dancer. Under me
The floor dreams lapis lazuli,
With inlaid gems of every hue —
Mother o' pearl I tread like dew,
While at the window of her frame
Our Lady, of the hallowed name,
Leans on the sill. Gray saints glare down,
Too long by godliness entranced,

With piety of painted frown,
Who never danced —
But Oh, Our Lady's quaint, arrested look
Remembers when she danced with bird and brook,
Of wind and flower and innocence a part,
Before the rose of Jesus kissed her heart
And men heaped heavy prayers upon her breast.
She watches me with gladness half confessed
Who dare to gesture homage with my feet,
Or twinkle lacy steps of joy
To entertain the Holy Boy;
Who, laughing, pirouette and pass,
Translated by the colored glass,
To meanings infinitely sweet.
And though it is not much, I know,
To fan the incense to and fro
With skirt as flighty as a wing,
It seems Our Lady understands
The method of my worshipping,
The hymns I'm lifting in my hands —

I am a dancer —

Contemporary Verse *Amanda Benjamin Hall*

THE PRODIGAL

God has such a splendid way
Of launching his unchallenged yea:

Of giving sphery grapes their sheen;
Of painting trees and grasses green;

Of crooning April rains that we
May wash us in simplicity;

Of swinging little smiling moons
Beyond the reach of noisy noons;

Of storing in the honey bee
The whole of life's epitome.

God has such a splendid way
Of tempting beauty out of clay,

And from the scattered dusts that sleep
Summoning men who laugh and weep;

And, by and by, of letting death
Draw into space our thread of breath.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Louise Ayres Garnett*

SECOND GROWTH

Men know that the birch-tree always
  Will grow where they cut down the pine —
This is the way of the forest,
  And the same way shall be mine.

For now that my sorrow lies stricken,
  And shadow in me is done,
I, too, shall have years of laughter,
  And of dancing in the sun.

Harper's Magazine *Winifred Welles*

SUDDENLY

Suddenly flickered a flame,
Suddenly fluttered a wing:
What, can a dead bird sing?
Somebody spoke your name.

Suddenly fluttered a wing,
Sounded a voice, the same,
Somebody spoke your name:
Oh, the remembering!

Sounded a voice, the same,
Song of the heart's green spring,
Oh, the remembering:
Which of us was to blame?

Song of the heart's green spring,
Wings that still flutter, lame,
Which of us was to blame? —
God, the slow withering!

The Century Magazine — *Leonora Speyer*

FULL-CIRCLE

Now that the gods are gone,
And the kings, the gods' shadows, are gone,
Man is alone on the earth,
Thrust out with the suns, alone.

Silent he walks among
The unanswering stars of his night,
Knowing his hands are weak, that his eyes
Deceive in the light.

Knowing there is no guerdon to win
But the dark and his measure of mould,
Foreseeing the end of dream, foreseeing
Youth grow old.

Yet, knowing despair he is free,
Free of bonds, of faith, of pain.
What should frighten him now
Who has nothing to gain,

When he takes the place of the gods,
And chaos is his and the years,
And the thunderous histories of worlds
Throb loud for his ears?

Now that the gods are gone
The skies are dust in his hands;
Through his fingers they slip like dust
Blown across waste lands;

And his glance takes in beauty and grief
And the centuries coming or flown:
He is god of all ways and things —
And a fool — and alone.

The New Republic *Maxwell Anderson*

SONG

If I could sing the song of the dawn,
The carolling word of leaf or bird,
And the sun-waked fern uncurling there
I would go lonely and would not care!

If I could sing the song of the dusk,
The stars and moon of glistening June
Lit at the foot and the head of me,
The Spinner might break the thread of me!

If I could sing but the song of love,
Fill my throat with each sounding note,
Others might kiss and clasp and cling,
Mine be the lips that would sing — would sing!

The Smart Set *Leonora Speyer*

I COME SINGING

I come singing the keen sweet smell of grass
Cut after rain,
And the cool ripple of drops that pass
Over the grain,
And the drenched light drifting across the plain.

I come chanting the mad bloom of the fall.
And the swallows
Rallying in clans to the rapid call
From the hollows,
And the wet west wind swooping down on the swallows.

I come shrilling the sharp white of December,
The night like quick steel
Swung by a gust in its plunge through the pallid ember
Of dusk, and the heel
Of the fierce green dark grinding the stars like steel.

The New Republic *Jacob Auslander*

THE LOON

A lonely lake, a lonely shore,
A lone pine leaning on the moon;
All night the water-beating wings
Of a solitary loon.

With mournful wail from dusk to dawn
He gibbered at the taunting stars, —
A hermit-soul gone raving mad,
And beating at his bars.

American Forestry — *Lew Sarett*

SPRING COWARDICE

I am afraid to go into the woods,
I fear the trees and their mad, green moods.

I fear the breezes that pull at my sleeves,
The creeping arbutus beneath the leaves,

And the brook that mocks me with wild, wet words:
I stumble and fall at the voice of birds.

Think of the terror of those swift showers,
Think of the meadows of fierce-eyed flowers:

And the little things with sudden wings
That buzz about me and dash and dart,
And the lilac waiting to break my heart!

Winter, hide me in your kind snow,
I am a coward, a coward, I know!

Contemporary Verse — *Leonora Speyer*

SENTINELS

Oh line of trees all dark and green
Like stately sentinels you stand —
God's mystery to the world you bring,
God's presence to the land!

So straight and free,
So still and dark,
God's sentinels you stand.
Your leafiness makes one forget
The wrath of His invisible Hand.

But lacy leaves mean sturdy bark,
So sure you point the mark —
Big exclamations to God's throne,
Your trembling leaves cry "Hark!"

Rose Parkewood

MY FLOWER

One night in May in a clear sky
The moon was a daisy flower:
And I put it in my coat,
A bouquet of Love!
Now I shall wear it
When I go
Along the city streets:
The people will say
As I pass by —
"He has a sweet soul!"
They will not see my flower,
And cannot know
Whence comes the fragrance of my spirit!

The Wayfarer *Ira Titus*

TREES NEED NOT WALK THE EARTH

Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread;
Beauty will come to them
Where they stand.
Here among the children of the sap
Is no pride of ancestry:
A birch may wear no less the morning
Than an oak.
Here are no heirlooms
Save those of loveliness,
In which each tree
Is kingly in its heritage of grace.
Here is but beauty's wisdom
In which all trees are wise.
Trees need not walk the earth
For beauty or for bread;
Beauty will come to them
In the rainbow —
The sunlight—
And the lilac-haunted rain;
And bread will come to them
As beauty came:
In the rainbow —
In the sunlight —
In the rain.

The Nation *David Rosenthal*

SUGARING

A man may think wild things under the moon —
In March when there is a tapping in the pails
Hung breast-high on the maples. Though you sink
To boot-tops only in the uncrusted snow,
And feel last autumn's leaves a short foot down,

There will be one among the men you meet
To say the snow lies six feet level there.
"Not here!" you say; and he says, "In the woods" —
Implying woods that he knows where to find.
Well, such a moon may be miraculous,
And if it has the power to make one man
Believe a common February snow
The great storm-wonder he would talk about
For years if once he saw it, there may be
In the same shimmering sickle over the hill
Vision of other things for other men.

. . . . . .

The moon again
Playing tonight with vapors that go up
And out into the silver. The brown sap works
Its foamy bulk over the great log fire.
Colors of flame light up a man, who kneels
With sticks upon his arm, and in his face
A grimace of resistance to the glow.
All that is burning is not under here
Boiling the early sap — I wonder why.
It is as calm as a dream of paradise
Out there among the trees, where runnels make
The only music heard above the sway
Of branches fingering the leaning moon.
And yet a man must go, when the sap has thickened,
Up and away to sleep a tired sleep,
And dream of dripping from a rotting roof
Back into sap that once was rid of him.
I wonder why, I wonder why, I wonder . . .

. . . . . .

Close the iron doors and let the fire die,
And the faint night-wind blow through the broken walls.
The sugar thickens, and the moon is gone,
And frost threads up the singing rivulets.
I am going up the mountain toward the stars,
But I should like to lie near earth tonight —
Earth that has borne the furious grip of winter

And given a kind of birth to beauty at last.
Look! — the old breath thrills through her once again
And there will be passion soon, shaking her veins
And driving her spirit upward till the buds
Burst overhead, and swallows find the eaves
Of the sugar-house untroubled by the talk
Of men gone off with teams to mend the roads.
I think I shall throw myself down here in the snow
So to be very near her when she stirs.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Raymond Holden*

FLOWERS

Not all flowers have souls,
But roses, for they are memories of lovers,
And lilies, their prayers,
Azaleas, who give themselves to the winds,
And irises, beloved of Pindar,
And the pale œnothera,
Incandescent in the twilight,
And many sweet and simple flowers —
Snowdrops and violets,
White and delicately veined —
And all shadowy wind-flowers.
But not tree blossoms,
Which are the breath of Spring,
Nor poppies, splendid and secret,
And sprung from drops of Persian blood,
Nor water-lilies, who have but their dreams,
And float, little worlds of scent and color,
Wrapt in their golden atmosphere.

The Dial *Florence Taber Holt*

THE GATE

The dust is thick along the road;
The fields are scorching in the sun;
My wife has ever a bitter word
To greet me when the day is done.

The neighbors rest beside the gate
But half their words are high and shrill.
My son is over-young to help;
The fields are very hard to till.

But in the dusk I raise my eyes —
The poet's words come back to me:
"In the moon there is a white jade gate
Shadowed cool by a cassia tree."

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

THE GARDEN

Two of Thy children one summer day worked in their garden, Lord;
They chopped the weeds of yesterday and you sent down a golden smile.
Two of Thy children one sunny day worked in their garden, Lord,
They hoed the furrow straight for the earthy bed and you whispered a singing smile.
Two of Thy children one windy day worked in their garden, Lord;
They pressed out the lumps from the clayey soil and you closed your shining eyes;
Two of Thy children one cloudy day worked in their garden, Lord,
They dropped in the seeds with a song in their hearts and you sent a soothing tear.

Two of Thy children one rainy day turned from their
garden, Lord —
Your Smile and your Sigh and your Tear entered into
their hearts.
*Two of Thy children, all the days of their life will work in
Thy garden, Lord!*

Rose Parkewood

THE GARDEN WALL

The Roman wall was not more grave than this,
That has no league at all with great affairs,
That knows no ruder hands than clematis,
No louder blasts than blowing April airs.
Yet, with a gray solemnity it broods,
Above the walk where simple folk go past,
And in its crannies keeps their transient moods,
Holding their careless words unto the last.

The rains of summer, and the creeping vine
That season after season clings in trust,
And shivered poppies red as Roman wine, —
These things at last will haunt its crumbled dust —
Not dreams of empires shattered where they lie,
But children's laughter, birds, and bits of sky.

The Bookman *David Morton*

THE SOUVENIR

Of finest porcelain and of choicest dye,
This bit of egg shell from a robin's nest;
I thought at first I'd found upon earth's breast
A chip from that blue bowl we call the sky!

Contemporary Verse *Antoinette De Coursey Patterson*

APRIL

Even when all my body sleeps,
I shall remember yet
The wistfulness that April keeps,
When boughs at dusk are wet.

The haunted twilight on the lane;
The far-off cricket's croon;
And beautiful and washed by rain,
The mellow rounded moon!

So, underneath the waving grass,
And underneath the dew,
April, whenever you will pass,
My dust will dream of you!

The Argosy — *Louis Ginsberg*

THE LOCUST

Your hot voice sizzles from some cool tree near by:
You seem to burn your way through the air
Like a small, pointed flame of sound
Sharpened on the ecstatic edge of sunbeams!

THE SQUALL

It swoops gray-winged across the obliterated hills,
And the startled lake seems to run before it:
From the woods comes a clamor of leaves,
Tugging at the twigs,
Pouring from the branches,
And suddenly the birds are still.

Thunder crumples the sky,
Lightning tears at it.

And now the rain!
The rain — thudding — implacable —
The wind, revelling in the confusion of great pines!

And a silver sifting of light,
A coolness:
A sense of summer anger passing,
Of summer gentleness creeping nearer —
Penitent — tearful —
Forgiven!

CRICKETS AT DAWN

All night the crickets chirp,
Like little stars of twinkling sound
In the dark silence.

They sparkle through the summer stillness
With a crisp rhythm:
They lift the shadows on their tiny voices.

But at the shining note of birds that wake,
Flashing from tree to tree till all the wood is lit —
O golden coloratura of dawn! —
The cricket-stars fade slowly,
One by one.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Leonora Speyer*

THE CONFIDANT

The wood is talking in its sleep. —
Have a care, trees!
You are heard by the brook and the breeze
And the listening lake;
And some of the birds are awake,
I know —
Green, garrulous wood, I trusted you so!

Contemporary Verse *Leonora Speyer*

REBELS

Stiff in midsummer green, the stolid hillsides
  March with their trees, dependable and stanch,
Except where here and there a lawless maple
  Thrusts to the sky one red, rebellious branch.

You see them standing out, these frank insurgents,
  With that defiant and arresting plume;
Scattered, they toss this flame like some wild signal,
  Calling their comrades to a brilliant doom.

What can it mean — this strange, untimely challenge;
  This proclamation of an early death?
Are they so tired of earth they fly the banner
  Of dissolution and a bleeding faith?

Or is it, rather than a brief defiance,
  An anxious welcome to a vivid strife?
A glow, a heart-beat, and a bright acceptance
  Of all the rich exuberance of life.

Rebellious or resigned, they flaunt their color,
  A sudden torch, a burning battle-cry.
"Light up the world," they wave to all the others;
  "Swiftly we live and splendidly we die."

Harper's Magazine — *Louis Untermeyer*

FARMERS

I watch the farmers in their fields
  And marvel secretly.
They are so very calm and sure,
  They have such dignity.

They know such simple things so well,
  Although their learning's small,
They find a steady, brown content
  Where some find none at all.

And all their quarrelings with God
  Are soon made up again;
They grant forgiveness when He sends
  His silver, tardy rain.

Their pleasure is so grave and full
  When gathered crops are trim,
You know they think their work was done
  In partnership with Him.

Then, why, when there are fields to buy,
  And little fields to rent,
Do I still love so foolishly
  Wisdom and discontent?

Contemporary Verse — *William Alexander Percy*

GREEN GOLDEN DOOR

Green golden door, swing in, swing in!
  Fanning the life a man must live,
  Echoes and airs and minstrelsies,
  Love and hope that he called his,
  Fear and hurt and a man's own sin
  Casting them forth and sucking them in,
Green golden door, swing out, swing out!

Green golden door, swing in, swing in!
  Show me the youth that will not die,
  Tell me the dream that has not waked,
  Seek me the heart that never ached,
  Speak me the truth men will not doubt!
Green golden door, swing out, swing out!

Green golden door, swing in, swing out!
  Long is the wailing of man's breath,
  Short is the wail of death.

The New Republic — *Jeannette Marks*

WHAT DO I CARE

What do I care, in the dreams and the languor of spring,
That my songs do not show me at all?
For they are a fragrance, and I am a flint and a fire;
I am an answer, they are only a call.

What do I care — for love will be over so soon —
Let my heart have its say, and my mind stand idly by.
For my mind is proud, and strong enough to be silent —
It is my heart that makes my songs, not I.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — *Sara Teasdale*

TRANSFORMATION

Love, we have dipped Life's humble bread
Into the stars' flame-bubbling springs;
We've knelt before the Moon's white face,
While around us whirred Night's purple wings.

Love, we have trod the floors of Morn,
And watched Dawn's reeling galleons die;
The sunset's panoramic hills —
Love, we have known them, you and I.

Upon the battlements of Time
We stood and heard Life's thunders roar:
A million ticking years that swelled
The crashing notes of millions more.

Our hearts have germinated sweet
To beauty through each golden hour;
But now the bloom-time days are past,
The stalk is fading with the flower.

And we shall seek earth's simple things:
A roof-tree small, a green-thatched fire —
Come, Love, and lay your cherished dreams
Beneath the touch of my desire.

We could not climb the Infinite,
The jagged heights were steep and long;
For us child-wistfulness and sleep —
Old twilight memories and song.

Love, is it here that we shall wend,
Down homelit paths, grown gently wise?
Perhaps your eyes, made glad of earth,
Shall find the Key to Paradise.

New York Times *J. Corson Miller*

GAVOTTE IN D MINOR

She wore purple, and when other people slept
She stept lightly — lightly — in her ruby powdered slippers
Along the flags of the East portico.
And the moon slowly rifting the heights of cloud
Touched her face so that she bowed
Her head, and held her hand to her eyes
To keep the white shining from her. And she was wise,
For gazing at the moon was like looking on her own dead face
Passing alone in a wide place,
Chill and uncosseted, always above
The hot protuberance of life. Love to her
Was morning and a great stir
Of trumpets and tire-women and sharp sun.
As she had begun, so she would end,
Walking alone to the last bend
Where the portico turned the wall.
And her slipper's sound
Was scarce as loud upon the ground

As her tear's fall.
Her long white fingers crisped and clung
Each to each, and her weary tongue
Rattled always the same cold speech:
"Gold was not made to lie in grass,
Silver dints at the touch of brass,
The days pass."

Lightly, softly, wearily,
The lady paces, drearily
Listening to the half-shrill croon
Leaves make on a moony Autumn night
When the windy light
Runs over the ivy eerily.

A branch at the corner cocks an obscene eye
As she passes — passes — by and by —
A hand stretches out from a column's edge,
Faces float in a phosphorent wedge
Through the points of arches, and there is speech
In the carven roof-groins out of reach.
A love-word, a lust-word, shivers and mocks
The placid stroke of the village clocks.
Does the lady hear?
Is any one near?
She jeers at life, must she wed instead
The cold dead?
A marriage-bed of moist green mould.
With an over-head tester of beaten gold.
A splendid price for a splendid scorn,
A tombstone pedigree snarled with thorn
Clouding the letters and the fleur-de-lis,
She will have them in granite for her heart's chill ease.

I set the candle in a draught of air
And watched it swale to the last thin flare.
They laid her in a fair chamber hung with arras,
And they wept her virgin soul.
The arras was woven of the story of Minos and Dictynna.

But I grieved that I could no longer hear the shuffle of
her feet along the portico,
And the ruffling of her train against the stones.

The Dial *Amy Lowell*

I, WHO LAUGHED MY YOUTH AWAY

I, who laughed my youth away
And blew bubbles to the sky,
Thin as air and frail as fire,
Opals, pearls of such desire
As a saint could but admire;
Now as azure as a sigh,
Then with passion all aglow —
Golden, crimson, purple, gray
Moods and moments of a day —
Have been gay,
Yea,
As they,
Sailing high,
Sinking low;
Even so
I,
Pierrot,
Walking Paris in a trance,
With my weary feet in France
And my heart in Bergamo,
Loved — and lost my laughing way.

I, of course, have never had
Any great amount of gold
Other than my bubbles hold.
Love? I have no loving plan
As a guide to beast or man,
Being neither good nor bad,
Just a sort of sorry lad.

Ainslee's Magazine *William Griffith*

FRIMAIRE

Dearest, we are like two flowers
Blooming last in a yellowing garden,
A purple aster flower and a red one
Standing alone in a withered desolation.

The garden plants are shattered and seeded,
One brittle leaf scrapes against another,
Fiddling echoes of a rush of petals.
Now only you and I nodding together.

Many were with us; they have all faded.
Only we are purple and crimson,
Only we in the dew-clear mornings,
Smarten into color as the sun rises.

When I scarcely see you in the flat moonlight,
And later when my cold roots tighten,
I am anxious for the morning,
I cannot rest in fear of what may happen.

You or I — and I am a coward.
Surely frost should take the crimson.
Purple is a finer color,
Very splendid in isolation.

So we nod above the broken
Stems of flowers almost rotted.
Many mornings there cannot be now
For us both. Ah, Dear, I love you!

Scribner's Magazine *Amy Lowell*

A FOREST RENDEZVOUS

They said someone was waiting;
And at the trysting oak
Sudden enchanting voices
Leaf-lightly spoke.

Daylong she had been coming,
And all the forest sang
Of beauty: elfin-softly
The bluebells rang.

Nightlong she was in shadow,
She who went away
As the moon does in the silver
Veils of day.

I see no course to follow,
Alas, nor where to find
The silver way she vanished,
Being blind.

The Smart Set — *William Griffith*

TO HER WHO PASSES

Her footsteps fall in silent sands;
Her hands are cool like growing leaves;
The fingers of her hovering hands
Touch lightly, pass; and time bereaves
The benison of her caress
Of peace, or pain, or bitterness.

The kisses of her mouth like dew
Rain gently down; if she has sinned,
That she had sinned she never knew;
Lightly she walks upon the wind,
And like the wind she leaves no trace
Upon the quiet of this place.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — *Maurice Browne*

ALONE IN SPRING

I never met the Spring alone before:
The flowers, birds, the loveliness of trees,
For with me always there was one I love —
And love is shield against such gifts as these.

But now I am alone, alone, alone;
The days and nights one long remembering.
Did other Aprils that we shared possess
The hurting beauty of this living Spring?

I never met the Spring alone before —
My starving grief — this radiance of gold! . . .
To be alone, when Spring is being born,
One should be dead — or suddenly grown old.

Contemporary Verse · *Caroline Giltinan*

WREATHS

Red wreaths
Hang in my neighbor's window,
Green wreaths in my own.
On this day I lost my husband.
On this day you lost your boy.
On this day
Christ was born.
Red wreaths,
Green wreaths
Hang in our windows,
Red for a bleeding heart,
Green for grave grass.
Mary, mother of Jesus,
Look down and comfort us.
You too knew passion;
You too knew pain.
Comfort us,
Who are not brides of God,

Nor bore God.
On Christmas day
Hang wreaths,
Green for spent passion,
Red for new pain.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Carolyn Hillman*

GESTURE

My arms were always quiet,
Close and never freed,
I was furled like a banner,
Enfolded like a seed.

I thought, when Love shall strike me,
Each arm will start and spring,
Unloosen like a petal
And open like a wing.

Oh Love — my arms are lifted,
But not to sway and toss,
They strain out wide and wounded
Like arms upon a cross.

The North American Review *Winifred Welles*

I CANNOT PUT YOU AWAY

I cannot put you away;
By night and day
You come in a dream and cry,
"It is I! It is I!"

I will rise and turn the lock
Nor heed your knock,
But rest for a night and day
With you away.

And then I will find release
And empty peace,
In silence that will not cry
"It is I! It is I!"

New York Sun Books and the Book World — *Herbert S. Gorman*

TACT

Observant of the way she told
So much of what was true,
No vanity could long withhold
Regard that was her due:
She spared him the familiar guile,
So easily achieved,
That only made a man to smile
And left him undeceived.

Aware that all imagining
Of more than what she meant
Would urge an end of everything,
He stayed; and when he went,
They parted with a merry word
That was to him as light
As any that was ever heard
Upon a starry night.

She smiled a little, knowing well
That he would not remark
The ruins of a day that fell
Around her in the dark:
He saw no ruins anywhere,
Nor fancied there were scars
On anyone who lingered there,
Alone below the stars.

The Yale Review — *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

SONNET

Like wine grown stale, the street-lamp's pallor seeks
The wilted anger of her scarlet lips,
And bitter, evanescent finger-tips
Of unsaid questions play upon her cheeks.
She sways a little, and her tired breath,
Fumbling at the crucifix of her mind,
Draws out the aged nails, now dull and kind,
That once were sharp loves hardening in their death.

And so a dumb joy tips her sudden smiles
At passing men who eye her wonderingly
And hurry on because her face is old.
They merely think her clumsy in her wiles:
They know not that her face is dizzily
At rest because old memories have grown cold.

The Dial — *Maxwell Bodenheim*

DEPARTURE

It's little I care what path I take,
  And where it leads it's little I care,
But out of this house, lest my heart break,
  I must go, and off somewhere!

It's little I know what's in my heart,
  What's in my mind it's little I know,
But there's that in me must up and start,
  And it's little I care where my feet go!

I wish I could walk for a day and a night
  And find me at dawn in a desolate place,
With never the rut of a road in sight,
  Or the roof of a house, or the eyes of a face.

I wish I could walk till my blood should spout,
And drop me, never to stir again,
On a shore that is wide, for the tide is out,
And the weedy rocks are bare to the rain.

But dump or dock, where the path I take
Brings up, it's little enough I care,
And it's little I'd mind the fuss they'll make,
Huddled dead in a ditch somewhere.

"Is something the matter, dear," she said,
"That you sit at your work so silently?"
"No, mother, no — 'twas a knot in my thread.
There goes the kettle — I'll make the tea."

Ainslee's Magazine *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

MY LONELY ONE

Even as a hawk's in the large heaven's hollow
Are the great ways and gracious of your love,
No lesser heart or wearier wing may follow
In those broad gyres where you rest and move.

Most merciless, most high, most proud, most lonely —
In the clear space between the sky and sea
Wheel her huge orbits, where the sea-winds only
Wander the sun-roads of Immensity.

Yet have I known your heart and of what fashion
Your love, how great, how hardly to be borne —
Your tenderness, too perfect for compassion,
Your divine strength, too pure and proud for scorn.

You are most beautiful; though it is given
But few to find you, fewer still to keep
Your high path through the solitude of heaven,
My lonely one, your watch upon the Deep.

Now toward the gold glow of the sunset's splendour
Veer your great vans — what haven in the west
Now draws you — while the mellowing light makes tender
Your dripping plumes — what islands of the blest?

Lift me, O lift me up to you forever,
Beautiful Terror! Let your sacred might
Stoop to me here and save — O let me never
Sink from you now to share a lesser flight!

Even as I pray my wings of longing fail me,
And my heart flags. In solitude you move
Down the night's shore: not praying shall avail me
To lift me, fallen from your faultless love.

The Freeman *John Hall Wheelock*

MERELY STATEMENT

You sent me a sprig of mignonette,
Cool-colored, quiet, and it was wet
With green sea-spray, and the salt and the sweet
Mingled to a fragrance weary and discreet
As a harp played softly in a great room at sunset.

You said: "My sober mignonette
Will brighten your room and you will not forget."

But I have pressed your flower and laid it away
In a letter, tied with a ribbon knot.
I have not forgot.
But there is a passion-flower in my vase
Standing above a close-cleared space
In the midst of a jumble of papers and books.
The passion-flower holds my eyes,
And the light-under-light of its blue and purple dyes
Is a hot surprise.

How then can I keep my looks
From the passion-flower leaning sharply over the books?
When one has seen
The difficult magnificence of a queen
On one's table,
Is one able
To observe any color in a mignonette?
I will not think of sunset, I crave the dawn,
With its rose-red light on the wings of a swan,
And a queen pacing slowly through the Parthenon,
Her dress a stare of purple between pillars of stone.

The Bookman — *Amy Lowell*

THE ISLANDS

I

What are the Islands to me,
what is Greece,
what is Rhodes, Samos, Chios,
what is Paros facing west,
what is Crete?

What is Samothrace,
rising like a ship,
what is Imbros redning the storm-waves
with its breast?

What is Naxos, Paros, Milos,
what the circle about Lycia,
what, the Cyclades'
white necklace?

What is Greece —
Sparta, rising like a rock,
Thebes, Athens,
what is Corinth?

What is Euboia
with its island violets,
what is Euboia, spread with grass,
set with swift shoals,
what is Crete?

What are the islands to me,
what is Greece?

II

What can love of land give to me
that you have not —
what do the tall Spartans know,
and gentler Attic folk?

What has Sparta and her women
more than this?

What are the islands to me
if you are lost —

What is Naxos, Tinos, Andros,
and Delos, the clasp
of the white necklace?

III

What can love of land give to me
that you have not,
what can love of strife break in me
that you have not?
Though Sparta enter Athens,
salt, rising to wreak terror
Thebes wrack Sparta,
each changes as water,
and fall back.

IV

"What has love of land given to you
that I have not?"

I have questioned Tyrians
where they sat
on the black ships,
weighted with rich stuffs,
I have asked the Greeks
from the white ships,
and Greeks from ships whose hulks
lay on the wet sand, scarlet
with great beaks.

I have asked bright Tyrians
and tall Greeks —
"what has love of land given you?"

And they answered — "peace."

V

But beauty is set apart,
beauty is cast by the sea,
a barren rock,
beauty is set about
with wrecks of ships,
upon our coasts, death keeps
the shallows — death waits
clutching toward us
from the deeps.

Beauty is set apart;
the winds that slash its beach,
swirl the coarse sand
upward toward the rocks.

Beauty is set apart
from the islands
and from Greece.

VI

In my garden,
the winds have beaten
the ripe lilies;
in my garden, the salt
has wilted the first flakes
of young narcissus,
and the lesser hyacinth
and the salt has crept
under the leaves of the white hyacinth.

In my garden
even the wind-flowers lie flat,
broken by the wind at last.

VII

What are the islands to me
if you are lost,
what is Paros to me
if your eyes draw back,
what is Milos
if you take fright of beauty,
terrible, torturous, isolated,
a barren rack?

What is Rhodes, Crete,
what is Paros facing west,
what, white Imbros?

What are the islands to me
if you hesitate,
what is Greece if you draw back
from the terror
and cold splendor of song
and its bleak sacrifice?

SEA SAND

I

JUNE NIGHT

O Earth you are too dear to-night,
  How can I sleep, while all around
Floats rainy fragrance and the far
  Deep voice of the ocean that talks to the ground?

O Earth, you gave me all I have,
  I love you, I love you, oh what have I
That I can give you in return —
  Except my body after I die?

II

"I THOUGHT OF YOU"

I thought of you and how you love this beauty,
  And walking up the long beach all alone,
I heard the waves breaking in measured thunder
  As you and I once heard their monotone.

Around me were the echoing dunes, beyond me
  The cold and sparkling silver of the sea —
We two will pass through death and ages lengthen
  Before you hear that sound again with me.

III

"OH DAY OF FIRE AND SUN"

Oh day of fire and sun,
  Pure as a naked flame,
Blue sea, blue sky and dun
  Sands where he spoke my name;

Laughter and hearts so high
That the spirit flew off free,
Lifting into the sky,
Diving into the sea;

Oh day of fire and sun
Like a crystal burning,
Slow days go one by one,
But you have no returning.

IV

WHEN DEATH IS OVER

If there is any life when death is over,
These tawny beaches will know much of me,
I shall come back, as constant and as changeful
As the unchanging, many-colored sea.

If life was small, if it has made me scornful,
Forgive me; I shall straighten like a flame
In the great calm of death, and if you want me
Stand on the sun-swept dunes and call my name.

The Bookman *Sara Teasdale*

SONG

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold.
Let it be forgotten forever and ever —
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten
Long and long ago —
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
In a long forgotten snow.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Sara Teasdale*

ACHIEVEMENT

When my young Soul went first to ride
  And take the air,
I stitched a gown of finest words
  For her to wear,
Lacy-white, and ribbon-tied
  With doting care.

When next my Soul fared out, she wore
  Plain garb and grey;
Close-buttoned from her chin to feet
  She rode away;
Behind a double-bolted door
  Her finery lay.

Now, when my Soul rides out, I fold
  With strictest care
Each slightest garment stern away,
  And loose her hair;
Godiva-shy, Godiva-bold,
  She takes the air.

The Nation — *Florence Jenney*

AVE

(*Madame Olga Petrova.*)

The pomp of capitals long left to rust
  Glows in her flesh and her ironic eyes.
  Gazing on her, old pageantries arise
Of queens and splendid courtesans, whose lust
Was power to loot a peacock throne, or thrust
  Satraps to battle for their beauty's prize.
  Thus Theodora flaunted, and none otherwise
La Pompadour and Lais gone to dust.

Her wit is a keen weapon wrought for war
  Against the grayness of democracy.
No broadsword this, but a bright scimitar,
  Tempered in flame and edged with subtlety.
Her art is life; in braver days than this
She would have throned it with Semiramis.

Ainslee's Magazine — *Walter Adolphe Roberts*

LILITH, LILITH

Lilith, Lilith wept for the moon:
  Its icy beauty troubled her sleep,
Stirred and thrilled her breast with a tune
  Of crystal notes that fluttered the deep.
Climbing up the tower of light,
  She sought the sound and followed the flame;
Cold as snow, implacably white,
  The moon spun high and muttered her name.

White as Adam's body of yore
  And like that flesh she never could thrill,
Far and pale as Paradise door,
  The vision flooded meadow and hill. . . .
She, the flame, the passionate flower,
  Awoke and cried for waking so soon. . . .
In a glimmering, scented, sleepless bower,
  Lilith, Lilith wept for the moon.

New York Sun Books and the Book World — *Herbert S. Gorman*

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

Her eyes are sunlit hazel:
  Soft shadows round them play.
Her dark hair, smoothly ordered,
  Is faintly touched with grey.
Full of a gentle brightness
  Her look and language are: —
Kind tongue that never wounded,
  Sweet mirth that leaves no scar.

Her dresses are soft lilac
  And silver-pearly grey.
She wears, on meet occasion,
  Modes of a bygone day,
Yet moves with bright composure
  In fashion's pageant set,
Until her world she teaches
  Its costume to forget.

With score of friends foregathered
  Before a cheerful blaze,
She loves good ranging converse
  Of past and future days.
Her best delight (too seldom)
  From olden friends to hear
How fares the small old city
  She left this many a year.

(There is a still more pleasant,
  A cosier converse still,
When, all the guests departed,
  Close comrades talk their fill.
Beside our smouldering fire
  We muse and wonder late;
Commingling household gossip
  With talk of gods and fate.)

All seemly ways of living, —
  Proportion, comeliness,
Authority and order, —
  Her loyal heart possess.
Then with what happy fingers
  She spreads the linen fair
In that great Church of Bishops
  That is her darling care!

And yet I dare to forecast
  What her new name must be
Writ in the mystic volume
  Beside the crystal sea: —
Instead of "True Believer,"
  The golden quill hath penned,
"Of the poor beasts that perish,
  The brave and gentle friend."

Scribner's Magazine *Sarah N. Cleghorn*

DOROTHY

I

HER EYES

Her eyes hold black whips —
  dart of a whip
  lashing, nay, flicking,
  nay, merely caressing
  the hide of a heart —
and a broncho tears through canyons —
  walls reverberating,
  sluggish streams
  shaken to rapids and torrents,
  storm destroying
  silence and solitude!

Her eyes throw black lariats —
  one for his head,
  one for his heels —
and the beast lies vanquished —
  walls still,
  streams still,
  except for a tarn,
  or is it a pool,
  or is it a whirlpool
  twitching with memory?

II

HER HAIR

Her hair
is a tent
  held down by two pegs —
  ears, very likely —
where two gypsies —
  lips, dull folk call them —
read your soul away:
one promising something,
the other stealing it.
  If the pegs would let go —
  why is it they're hidden? —
and the tent
  blow away — drop away —
like a wig — or a nest —
  maybe
you'd escape
paying coin
to gypsies —
  maybe —

III

HER HANDS

Blue veins
  of morning glories —
blue veins

of clouds —
blue veins
bring deep-toned silence
after a storm.
White horns
of morning glories —
white flutes
of clouds —
sextettes hold silence fast,
cup it for aye.
Could I
blow morning glories —
could I
lip clouds —
I'd sound the silence
her hands bring to me.
Had I
the yester sun —
had I
the morrow's —
brush them like cymbals,
I'd then sound the noise.

IV

HER BODY

Her body gleams
like an altar candle —
white in the dark —
and modulates
to voluptuous bronze —
bronze of a sea —
under the flame.

The Dial *Alfred Kreymborg*

TO OTHER MARYS

Christ said, "Mary," as he walked within the garden
The morning that he rose from death, calm and free of pain;
The wounds in his hands and his side no longer burned him.
He that once had been a man was a God again.
Christ said, "Mary," as he walked within the garden.
All in his triumphing, back from the dead,
With the wind upon his cheek, while the world was new to him,
"Mary" was the first name he ever said.

The first Mary God chose, he looked about the world for her
And saw her walking with the maids of Galilee;
— She stood beside a clumsy-nailed cross above a hillside,
And saw the babe on it she had held at her knee. —
Christ praised another Mary whom the saints rebuked for wastefulness;
For he understood them well, all Marys of his day,
Yes, and of today, too, Marys staid and caring,
Marys wild and home-loving — it was his way.

Martha and Lazarus talked with Christ at supper-time,
Martha and Lazarus, of crops and folk and wars;
But while the food was cleared away, low by the door-step
It was Mary spoke to him, when there were stars.
Not of crops and gossip, not of work and neighbors —
Christ and Mary talked about the wishing to be good
And the easy falling, and the new beginnings,
And the way the moon looked, low above the wood.

Christ said, "Mary," as he walked within the garden;
Startled, Mary Magdalene raised her tear-stained face.
That was very long ago, in a far-off country,
In a far-off country, and a foreign place.

Still each year at Easter-time do we think again of her,
And the other Marys who are dead in the earth,
Who are dead long ago, but who loved and tended him
When our Lord was a man, and felt of tears and mirth.

All the Marys of the world, let us pray together now,
Mary Schwartz, and Mary Brown, and Mary Rosenstein,
Little Mary Donnelly, Mary Holt and Mary Hull,
Mary Olsen, Mary Morse, all in a line.
Since it is the Easter-time, and little bells are ringing,
Let us walk in still pride, with lifting of the head,
For when he had risen from the grave, as all the world knows,
"Mary" was the first name that God ever said.

Contemporary Verse *Mary Carolyn Davies*

THEY THAT DWELL IN SHADOW

They that dwell in shadow
Perpetually roam
In leagues of spectral meadow,
By phantom miles of foam.
Their lives are very weary,
And yet they cannot die,
Leave their sea-beaches dreary,
Or change that bitter sky.

They that dwell in shadow,
They twitter like dry leaves
In talk along the meadow,
And none is glad, or grieves.
They whisper, whisper only,
And no man, save he dwell
Beside those sea-waves lonely
Knows what it is they tell.

They that dwell in shadow
  Are neither good nor bad;
Their hearts are like the meadow,
  Monotonous and sad.
The world has died around them,
  The skies are blank above:
I happened there and found them —
  Their whispers were of love.

Howard Mumford Jones

The Midland,
A Magazine of the Middle West

SONG OF A WOMAN WITH TWINS

Ou! Ou! Ou!
When I was young and little,
And thought only of the mealies and the sun
And the wet whispering river water,
How could I tell what would befall me —
How could I know what should come to me!

Why did the demons come?
Why did they make me bear
Two bodies at one birth?
Ah, they were not like demons —
They were like little helpless man-children,
Little and hungry, with curling hands and feet,
Like the son I hoped to bear!

All the night I screamed
And all the night I bore them —
Why did the witch-man's drum, beating by my head,
Why did the witch-man's charms, smelling strong with
  enchantment —
Why did they not keep the demons
From being born to me?
My father gave him cowries,

Cowries and a gun,
    Taken from a white man
That he killed a year ago —
Slowly, slowly,
For good and lasting magic
That the gun should shoot straight.
None had such a gun!
And yet the demons came —
At my right breast a demon,
At my left breast a demon,
Sucking, sucking.

Oh, the little hungry mouths,
Oh, the little curling hands,
That they will drown tonight!

Ou! Ou! Ou!
When I was little and young,
Tumbling laughing in the sunshine,
How should I know what would come to me?
How should I know what would befall me?
Ou! Ou! Ou!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Myrtle Eberstein*

ASPHALT

Light your cigarette, then, in this shadow,
And talk to her, your arm engaged with hers.
Heavily over your heads the eaten maple
In the dead air of August strains and stirs.

Her stone-white face, in the lamp-light, turns toward
    you;
Darkly, with time-dark eyes, she questions you
Whether this universe is what she thinks it —
Simple and passionate and profound and true —

Or whether, as with a sound of dim disaster,
A plaintive music brought to a huddled fall,
Some ancient treachery slides through the heart of
things —
The last star falling, seen from the utmost wall . . .

And *you* — what sinister, far, reserves of laughter,
What understandings, remote, perplexed, remain
Unguessed forever by her who is your victim —
Victim, of whom you too are victim again?

. . . Come! let us dance once more on the ancient
asphalt:
Seeing, beneath its strange and recent shape,
The eternal horror of rock, from which, for ever,
We toss our tortured hands, to no escape.

The Dial *Conrad Aiken*

TO A PERSIAN MANUSCRIPT

Behind the high white wall
There is always a garden —
A lawn, close-clipped and pale,
Studded with flowers;
There they have placed a chair
For the happy guest,
And slim high-bosomed maidens
Bring flesh and figs and wine
In bowls of peacock blue.

Beyond the minaretted gate
Go elephants in caravan,
And horsemen ride through forest tracery
Of gold and flowers
To cities
Arched and white against the sky.

These are windows
Opening on a golden world —
Blooming islands on a sea
Of dim, dust-colored vellum,
While the ripples —
Painted rhythms,
Sable characters —
Bear challenge to the wit
More potent still
Than half-guessed imagery
Of illumined page.

And as the traveller without the wall
Divines with thirsty heart
The hidden flash of fountains,
So to me, among these silent books,
Is borne the cadence of a desert tongue,
And beauty blossoms here
Upon my knees.

The Nation *Ida O'Neil*

THE ROAD TO BABYLON

"How far is it to Babylon?
— Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?
Yes, and back again."
And while nurse hummed the old, old rhyme,
Tucking him in at evening time,
He dreamed how when he grew a man
And travelled free, as big men can,
He'd slip out through the garden gate
To roads where high adventures wait
And find the way to Babylon,
Babylon, far Babylon,
All silver-towered in the sun!

He's travelled free, a man with men;
(Bitter the scores of miles and ten!)
And now face down by Babylon's wall
He sleeps, nor any more at all
By morning, noon or candle-light
Or in the wistful summer night
To his own garden gate he'll come.
— Young feet that fretted so to roam
Have missed the road returning home.

Scribner's Magazine *Margaret Adelaide Wilson*

TIGER LILY

Gray are the gardens of our Celtic lands,
Dreaming and gray,
Tended by the devotion of pale hands,
On barren crags, or by disastrous sands,
That night and day
Are drenched with bitter spray.
There rosemary and thyme are plentiful,
Larkspur that lovers cull,
Love-in-the-mist that is most sorrowful.
Flowers so wistful that our teardrops start. . . .
Scarcely one understands that regal, rare,
Bravely the tiger lily blossoms there,
Bravely apart.

Our gardens are enamored of the spring,
Of silver rain,
The cloudy green of buds slow-burgeoning,
The sorrow of last apple blooms that cling
And are not fain
To yield their fruit again.
We do not long for tropic pageantry,
Yet surge with love to see
The tiger lily's muted ecstasy.
Watered by mist and lashed by wind-blown rime,

She is no alien thing; but vivid, free,
She has no heed for paler rosemary,
Larkspur or thyme.

It is in vain they worship her who knows
Pity nor pride.
Their petals whirl down every wind that goes
South to the palms or northward to the snows,
Mourning they died
So distant from her side.
But the brave tiger lily blossoms on,
Never to be undone
Till the last rosemary and thyme are gone.
Tattered by autumn storms, she will not fling
Herself to sullen foes. The winter rain
Alone can beat her down, to bloom again
Spring after spring.

Ainslee's Magazine *Walter Adolphe Roberts*

THE DREAMERS

We are the deathless dreamers of the world.
Errant and sad, our argosies must go
On barren quests and all the winds that blow
Lure us to battle where tall seas are hurled.
When over us the last ninth wave has curled,
We are renascent still. The gods bestow
Madness that lifts us on the ebb and flow.
The flags of our defeat are never furled.

We were not born to find the golden fleece,
Or win some white queen's love, or storm the stars.
Yet, by great Pan, we were not born for peace!
One prize is ours — beauty, time shall not slay:
Terrible beauty from disastrous wars,
Mystical beauty from the realms of fey.

Ainslee's Magazine *Walter Adolphe Roberts*

THREE GIRLS

Three school-girls pass this way each day:
Two of them go in the fluttery way
Of girls, with all that girlhood buys;
But one goes with a dream in her eyes.

Two of them have the eyes of girls
Whose hair is learning scorn of curls,
But the eyes of one are like wide doors
Opening out on misted shores.

And they will go as they go to-day
On to the end of life's short way;
Two will have what living buys,
And one will have the dream in her eyes.

Two will die as many must,
And fitly dust will welcome dust;
But dust has nothing to do with one —
She dies as soon as her dream is done.

The Century Magazine — *Hazel Hall*

APPARITION

I walked my fastest down the twilight street;
  Sometimes I ran a little, it was so late.
At first the houses echoed back my feet,
  Then the path softened just before our gate.
Even in the dusk I saw, even in my haste,
  Lawn-tracks and gravel-marks. "That's where he plays;
The scooter and the cart these lines have traced,
  And Baby wheels her doll here, sunny days."
Our door was open; on the porch still lay
  Ungathered toys; our hearth-light cut the gloam;

Within, round table-candles, you — and they.
And I called out, I shouted, "I am come home!"
At first you heard not, then you raised your eyes,
Watched me a moment — and showed no surprise.

Such dreams we have had often, when we stood
Thought-struck amid the merciful routine,
And distance more than danger chilled the blood,
When we looked back and saw what lay between;
Like ghosts that have their portion of farewell,
Yet will be looking in on life again,
And see old faces, and have news to tell,
But no one heeds them; they are phantom men.
Now home indeed, and old loves greet us back.
Yet — shall we say it? — something here we lack,
Some reach and climax we have left behind.
And something here is dead, that without sound
Moves lips at us and beckons, shadow-bound,
But what it means, we cannot call to mind.

Harper's Magazine *John Erskine*

FACES

Four faces in the dark,
Eight eyes aglow
With the pale lunar spark
Fireflies do show.

Four brows, specter-white,
Crowned with lambent hair;—
Only in the blackest night
Are these things there.

Eight lips that question me,
Moving to and fro;
Quiet as shadows be
On new-fallen snow.

Eight hands beckoning,
Spindrift of the wind; —
Past all mortal reckoning
Are phantoms of the mind.

Deep, return to deep again,
And old dreams fade.
Children, let me sleep again,
Calm and unafraid.

The Outlook *Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer*

ENDING

A fitting benediction of words
Stood, one by one, upon
The warped threshold of your mouth.

Dreams are wandering realities
Stooping to pick stray roadside flowers
And making silent boutonnieres:
Silent drops of mockery.
And since the flowers quickly die,
Dreams must ever walk with closed eyes.

Hearing you, the dream I held
Opened its eyes and perished.

The Dial *Maxwell Bodenheim*

BRICK-DUST

It's just a heap of ruin,
  A drunken brick carouse —
This thing my spirit grew in
  That once was called a house.

An attic where I scribbled
  Through baking summer days,
While street-pianos nibbled
  At the patient *Marseillaise.*

The spider-landlord squatted
  In a web of dinner-smells,
And people slowly rotted
  In little gossip-hells.

I hated all I learned there —
  And yet I could have cried
For a little oil I burned there,
  A little dream that died.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Louisa Brooke*

WASHINGTON

The white-walled Rome of an unwritten epic,
  Spreading like the waters of a new well run;
Drinking at the lips of a clear green river
  Rising in the fountains and the wells of the sun!

Nothing of imperial dust in her cellars,
  Nothing of the torn old tower and dome;
Mistress of her clean white halls unhaunted —
  City of the sunrise, altar, and home!

City of the sunrise hills unhaunted
  By the skulls of kings and the ribs of decay;
Seeded in the earth like a clean deep tap-root —
  The granite in the oak of her boughs today!

A white ship built in a cool green forest
  And launched with the green leaves fresh on her bow,
Sun on her sails and foam on her anchors,
  Halfway out on her maiden trip now!

The clean new Rome of an unwritten epic,
  Spreading to the borders of a universal dream;
A white ship launched on a universal river,
  Steering for the sun at the mouth of the stream!

The Nation — *Aloysius Coll*

TANGIBLES

(*Washington, August, 1918*)

I have seen this city in the day and the sun.
I have seen this city in the night and the moon.
And in the night and the moon I have seen a thing this city gave me nothing of in the day and the sun.

The float of the dome in the day and the sun is one thing.
The float of the dome in the night and the moon is another thing.
In the night and the moon the float of the dome is a dream-whisper, a croon of a hope: "Not today, child, not today, lover; maybe tomorrow, child, maybe tomorrow, lover."

Can a dome of iron dream deeper than living men?
Can the float of a shape hovering among tree-tops — can this speak an oratory sad, singing and red beyond the speech of the living men?

A mother of men, a sister, a lover, a woman past the dreams of the living —
Does she go sad, singing and red out of the float of this dome?

There is . . . something . . . here . . . men die for.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — *Carl Sandburg*

A REPUBLIC!

Her faith abandoned and her place despised,
Her mission lost through ridicule, hooted forth
From the forum she erected, by cat calls,
And tory sneers and schemes. Her basic law
Scoffed out of court, amended at the need
Of stomachology by the judges, or
A majority of States, as it is said —
Rather by drunks and grafters, for the time
The spokesmen of the States, coerced and scared
By Methodists with a fund to hire spies,
And unearth women scrapes, or other sins
With which to say: Vote dry, or be exposed.
A marsh Atlantis drifting, towed at last
By pirates into harbor, made a pasture
For alien hatreds, greeds. A shackled press,
And voices gagged, creative spirits frozen,
Obtunded by disgust or fear. War only,
Armies and navies speak the national mind,
And make it move as a man; for other things
Resistance, thought divided, ostracism,
Or jail for their protagonists. At the mast
The cross above the cross-bones, in between
The starry banner. A people hatched like chickens:
Of feeble spirit for much inter-crossing,
Without vision and without will, incapable
Of lusty revolution whatever right
Is spit upon or taken. A wriggling mass
Bemused and babbling, trampling private right
As a tyrant tramples it, calling it law
Because it speaks the majority of the mob.
A land that breeds the reformer, the infuriate
Will in the shallow mind,the plague of frogs
That hop into our rooms at Pharaoh's will,
And spoil our banquet dishes, hour of joy.
A giantess growing huger, duller of mind,
Her gland pituitary being injured!

The Nation *Edgar Lee Masters*

YOU TALK OF THIS AND THAT

You talk of this and that, of that and this:
Have you ever tried, since you've been over here,
Just being a plain American, my friend?

Have you ever lived in one of our little towns,
Worked side by side with fellow-citizens
And shared the ups and downs of life with them?
Have you ever honestly striven to accept
This country of ours that has accepted you?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

Have you ever been upon our Western plains
Waving with untold miles of ripened wheat?
Have you known our mountains and our farms and forests,
Our townships and our populated cities
Or got into the inside of our life
Built up through years of order, progress, law?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

Do you think that what the Pilgrim Fathers sought,
Yes, sought and *found*, was sought and found in vain?
Is Washington a myth and name to you?
Have you ever learned from Franklin's homely wisdom
Or from the large humanity of Lincoln
Or studied in the school of our great men
From whom we draw our widening heritage?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

You talk of this and that, of that and this:
Have you ever tried, since you've been over here,
Just being a plain American, my friend?
If you have not, what right have you to speak?

The Outlook — *Harry Kemp*

DEPORTED

The transports move stealthily to sea —
The sea so prone to take strange freightage eagerly —
But this sad freightage even the sea disowns
And lifts its storms and frowns in darker mood
And never was a cargo more adrift . . .
There are no ports, no country's flag, no waiting hands
In any land on earth for it.
Nor any home to take it in.
And all the prisons are too proud.

O Mayflower! Ships of Columbus!
And frigates and vessels of wood and of steel,
With your cargoes of gifts and your graces!
O swift laughing sails like fluttering garments of girls
Running down soft green slopes
To a dance with their lovers at Fair time!
O all the brave prows that advance to these shores
Like believers to the rail at communion!
Be blind! Turn away from those ships, from those spectres.
Do not think these the cargoes we send *out* from our shores,
These of the darkness, in the night, in secrecy,
Under sealed orders!

O Liberty! Mother! with your head proudly erect
And your regal brow confident
And your uplifted arm
Hailing far children of earth to your sheltering;
O Liberty! Mother who nurses back to full strength
The offspring of breasts that are empty,
Who gives and who trusts and who welcomes in limitless trusting!
Do not look down at these ships as they pass —
Purring like cats that are clawing their kill —
Oh, do not notice!

The New York Sun — *Kathryn White Ryan*

THE TANKERS

To Bombay and Capetown, and ports of a hundred lands,
To Mombassa, Panama, and Aden on the sands,
Red with rust and green with mould, caked with sodden brine,
The reeling, rolling tankers sail Southward from the Tyne.

Southward past the Cornish cliffs, cleft red against the clouds,
They snort and stagger onward with sailors in their shrouds
To the spell of rolling seas and the blue of a windy sky
While the smoke lies brown to leeward or the liners scurry by.

Thrashing through a tearing gale with a dark green sea ahead,
While the funnel clews sing madly against a sky of red,
Foam choked and wave choked, scarred by battered gear,
The long brown decks are whirling seas where silver combers rear.

Swinging down a brilliant gulf with shores of brown and gray
The snub-nosed, well-decked tankers slowly steam their way
Up the straits to the Pirate Coast and dim harbors of the South
Where they lie like long red patches by a jungle river's mouth.

Contemporary Verse *Gordon Malherbe Hillman*

MARINERS

Men who have loved the ships they took to sea,
  Loved the tall masts, the prows that creamed with foam,
Have learned, deep in their hearts, how it might be
  That there is yet a dearer thing than home.
The decks they walk, the rigging in the stars,
  The clean boards counted in the watch they keep —
These, and the sunlight on the slippery spars,
  Will haunt them ever, waking and asleep.

Ashore, these men are not as other men:
  They walk as strangers through the crowded street,
Or, brooding by their fires, they hear again
  The drone astern, where gurgling waters meet,
Or see again a wide and blue lagoon,
And a lone ship that rides there with the moon.

Harper's Magazine — *David Morton*

INLAND

People that build their houses inland,
  People that buy a plot of ground
Shaped like a house and build a house there,
  Far from the seaboard, far from the sound

Of water sucking the hollow ledges,
  Tons of water striking the shore,
What do they long for, as I long for
  One salt smell of the sea once more?

People the waves have not awakened,
  Spanking the boats at the harbor's head,
What do they long for, as I long for —
  Starting up in my inland bed,

Beating the narrow walls and finding
  Neither a window nor a door,
Screaming to God for death by drowning! —
  One salt taste of the sea once more?

Ainslee's Magazine *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

SEKHMET THE LION-HEADED

In the dark night I heard a stirring,
Near me something was purring.

A voice, deep-throated, spoke:

I litter armies for all easts and wests
And norths and souths:
They suckle my girl-goddess breasts,
And my fierce milk drips from their mouths.

The voice sang:

I do not kill! I, Sekhmet the Lion-headed, I!
But between my soft hands they die.

I asked:

O Sekhmet, Lion-headed one,
How long shall warring be?

And Sekhmet deigned to make reply:

Eternally!

Bold in my faith I grew:

Dread goddess-cat, you lie!
Warring shall cease!
My God of love is greater far
Than you!

How gentle was the voice of Sekhmet then:

He of the Star?
He Whom they called the Prince of Peace —
And slew? —
And slew again — and yet again? —
Ah, yes! — she said.

And all about my bed
The night grew laughing-red:
Sekhmet I did not see
But in that bleeding dusk I heard
That Sekhmet purred.

Contemporary Verse — *Leonora Speyer*

BINDLESTIFF

Oh, the lives of men, lives of men,
In pattern-molds be run;
But there's you, and me, and Bindlestiff —
And remember Mary's Son.

At dawn the hedges and the wheel-ruts ran
Into a brightening sky. The grass bent low
With shimmering dew, and many a late wild rose
Unrolled the petals from its odorous heart
While birds held tuneful gossip. Suddenly,
Each bubbling trill and whistle hid away
As from a hawk; the fragrant silence heard
Only the loving stir of little leaves;
Then a man's baritone broke roughly in:

I've gnawed my crust of mouldy bread,
Skimmed my mulligan stew;
Laid beneath the barren hedge —
Sleety night-winds blew.

Slanting rain chills my bones,
Sun bakes my skin;
Rocky road for my limping feet,
Door where I can't go in.

Above the hedgerow floated filmy smoke
From the hidden singer's fire. Once more the voice:

I used to burn the mules with the whip
When I worked on the grading gang;
But the boss was a crook, and he docked my pay —
Some day that boss will hang.

I used to live in a six by nine,
Try to save my dough —
It's a bellful of the chaff of life,
Feet that up and go.

The mesh of leafy branches rustled loud,
Into the road slid Bindlestiff. You've seen
The like of the traveller: gaunt humanity
In stained and broken coat, with untrimmed hedge
Of rusty beard and curling sunburnt hair;
His hat, once white, a dull uncertain cone;
His leathery hands and cheeks, his bright blue eyes
That always see new faces and strange dogs;
His mouth that laughs at life and at himself.

Sometimes they shut you up in jail —
Dark, and a filthy cell;
I hope the fellows built them jails
Find 'em down in hell.

But up above, you can sleep outdoors —
Feed you like a king;
You never have to saw no wood,
Only job is sing.

The tones came mellower, as unevenly
The tramp limped off trailing the hobo song:

Good-bye, farewell to Omaha,
K. C., and Denver, too;
Put my foot on the flying freight,
Going to ride her through.

Bindlestiff topped a hillock, against the sky
Showed stick and bundle with his extra shoes
Jauntily dangling. Bird to bird once more
Made low sweet answer; in the wild rose cups
The bee found yellow meal; all softly moved
The white and purple morning-glory bells
As on the gently rustling hedgetop leaves
The sun's face rested. Bindlestiff was gone.

Oh, the lives of men, lives of men,
In pattern-molds be run;
But there's you, and me, and Bindlestiff —
And remember Mary's Son.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Edwin Ford Piper*

THE WANDERING JEW

I saw by looking in his eyes
That they remembered everything;
And this was how I came to know
That he was here, still wandering.
For though the figure and the scene
Were never to be reconciled,
I knew the man as I had known
His image when I was a child.

With evidence at every turn,
I should have held it safe to guess
That all the newness of New York
Had nothing new in loneliness;
Yet here was one who might be Noah,
Or Nathan, or Abimelech,
Or Lamech, out of ages lost, —
Or, more than all, Melchizedek.

Assured that he was none of these,
I gave them back their names again,
To scan once more those endless eyes
Where all my questions ended then.
I found in them what they revealed
That I shall not live to forget,
And wondered if they found in mine
Compassion that I might regret.

Pity, I learned, was not the least
Of time's offending benefits
That had now for so long impugned
The conservation of his wits:
Rather it was that I should yield,
Alone, the fealty that presents
The tribute of a tempered ear
To an untempered eloquence.

Before I pondered long enough
On whence he came and who he was,
I trembled at his ringing wealth
Of manifold anathemas;
I wondered, while he seared the world,
What new defection ailed the race,
And if it mattered how remote
Our fathers were from such a place.

Before there was an hour for me
To contemplate with less concern
The crumbling realm awaiting us
Than his that was beyond return,
A dawning on the dust of years
Had shaped with an elusive light
Mirages of remembered scenes
That were no longer for the sight.

For now the gloom that hid the man
Became a daylight on his wrath,
And one wherein my fancy viewed
New lions ramping in his path.

The old were dead and had no fangs,
Wherefore he loved them — seeing not
They were the same that in their time
Had eaten everything they caught.

The world around him was a gift
Of anguish to his eyes and ears,
And one that he had long reviled
As fit for devils, not for seers.
Where, then, was there a place for him
That on this other side of death
Saw nothing good, as he had seen
No good come out of Nazareth?

Yet here there was a reticence,
And I believe his only one,
That hushed him as if he beheld
A Presence that would not be gone.
In such a silence he confessed
How much there was to be denied;
And he would look at me and live,
As others might have looked and died.

As if at last he knew again
That he had always known, his eyes
Were like to those of one who gazed
On those of One who never dies.
For such a moment he revealed
What life has in it to be lost;
And I could ask if what I saw,
Before me there, was man or ghost.

He may have died so many times
That all there was of him to see
Was pride, that kept itself alive
As too rebellious to be free;
He may have told, when more than once
Humility seemed imminent,
How many a lonely time in vain
The Second Coming came and went.

Whether he still defies or not
The failure of an angry task
That relegates him out of time
To chaos, I can only ask.
But as I knew him, so he was;
And somewhere among men today
Those old, unyielding eyes may flash,
And flinch — and look the other way.

The Outlook *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

MAXIMILIAN MARVELOUS

"Maximilian Marvelous," we called him for a joke;
He used to pass us every day, but rarely ever spoke.
The shoes he wore were scandalous — they did not fit his feet;
In tattered coat and greasy shirt he shuffled down the street.
When once we stopped Max solemnly, to pass the time of day,
He looked at us, half-doubting, in a hesitating way,
And when we asked him if 'twere true that he was once a king
Of some forgotten island, where the South Sea maidens sing,
Lo! Maximilian Marvelous gave us a withering smile.
I'll ne'er forget his answer, as it came in vigorous style:
"I am a king of everything my roving eyes survey.
My kingdom's built of sun-lit bowers where little children play,
My sceptre's made of jeweled song that wakes old village lanes,
My banquet hall is piled with dreams that romp in April rains.
The great, wide world is my estate, but here I choose to 'bide,
I married Lady Poverty, and I am satisfied.

I do not work — kings never work; why should I soil
my hands?
I am the ruler of my time, for town or meadow lands.
Perhaps I am an artist; then I paint the sunset sky;
Perhaps I am a poet when the days of Autumn die.
I eat one square meal every day; its source nobody
knows,
And he who gives it to me sees I also get some clothes.
The sun and rains are friends of mine, the stars are my
delight,
They bring me thoughts of childhood when my mother's
eyes were bright.
I am a king of everything that money cannot buy.
The richest man on earth, like me, must some day fade
and die."
Then Maximilian Marvelous said not another thing;
And as he walked away we cried, "He's every inch a
a king!"

New York Times *J. Corson Miller*

ACCOMPLISHED FACTS

Every year Emily Dickinson sent one friend
the first arbutus bud in her garden.

In a last will and testament Andrew Jackson
remembered a friend with the gift of George
Washington's pocket spy-glass.

Napoleon too, in a last testament, mentioned a silver
watch taken from the bedroom of Frederick the Great,
and passed along this trophy to a particular friend.

O. Henry took a blood carnation from his coat lapel
and handed it to a country girl starting work in a
bean bazaar, and scribbled: "Peach blossoms may or
may not stay pink in city dust."

So it goes. Some things we buy, some not.
Tom Jefferson was proud of his radishes, and Abe Lincoln
blacked his own boots, and Bismarck called Berlin a wilderness of brick and newspapers.

So it goes. There are accomplished facts.
Ride, ride, ride on in the great new blimps —
Cross unheard-of oceans, circle the planet.
When you come back we may sit by five hollyhocks.
We might listen to boys fighting for marbles.
The grasshopper will look good to us.

So it goes . . . .

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Carl Sandburg*

FOR THE EIGHTH OF DECEMBER

(*The Birthday of Horace*)

This festal day, two thousand times returning,
Should light fresh fires on all the altar-sods.
His natal day! we should set incense burning,
And call — if gods there were — upon the gods.
We, his good friends, right joyous should demean us,
Like Horace on the birthday of Mæcenas.

Eheu! we lack all Persian apparatus —
The wine, the nard, the rose's tardy bloom;
No troops of saucy home-bred slaves await us,
Nor polished silver in the fire-lit room;
And as for lyres and lutes of sound convention,
The H. C. L. forbids their very mention.

Around our board what cronies he'd find missing:
No Tyndaris, no Cyrus — and no quarrel!
No Telephus with his tantalizing kissing,
No Cervius droning his long-winded moral.
No Thaliarch to push the lagging Massic!
What in our party, then, would he find classic?

There is one thing would save us from disaster,
And make our feast right worthy of the day;
A fitting tribute to the lyric master —
I mean, of course, an Ode by F. P. A.
Give us but that; 'twere the whole celebration
In Horace's and in our estimation.

The Nation *George Meason Whicher*

WALKERS

A Child on the Street

Strange that she can keep with ease
A pace so free and fleet,
When such relentless destinies
Stalk at her feet.

Strange she does not see the blur
Where their shadows run
With her footfall, sinister
In the sun.

Some are vague as shadow cast
By clouds where long hills dip,
And some sharp like the broken mast
Of a drifted ship.

Still with her incredulous tread
Defying the darkened ground,
She keeps a pace whose echoes shed
Laughing sound.

And still close at her tripping heel
The old shadows stir,
Deepening as they steal
Nearer her.

A Very Old Woman

She passes by though long ago
Time drained the life out of her tread;
She died then, yet she does not know
That she is dead.

Her footsteps are indefinite
With sound, and who are dead should pass
Sandaled as the wind when it
Moves through the grass.

Her shadow twitches on the walk,
And who are not of life should run
Shadowless as a lily's stalk
In full day's sun.

Yet these cling to her — stricken sound
And shadow casting ragged stains;
They drag behind her on the ground
Like broken chains.

It is silence mastering her tread,
Darkness, insidious and slow,
Blotting her imprint . . . but she is dead
And does not know.

The New Republic *Hazel Hall*

OLD LIZETTE ON SLEEP

Bed is the boon for me!
It's well to bake and sweep,
But hear the word of old Lizette:
It's better than all to sleep.

Summer and flowers are gay,
And morning light and dew;
But aged eyelids love the dark
Where never a light seeps through.

What! — open-eyed, my dears,
Thinking your hearts will break?
There's nothing, nothing, nothing, I say,
That's worth the lying awake!

I learned it in my youth —
Love I was dreaming of!
I learned it from the needle-work
That took the place of love.

I learned it from the years
And what they brought about;
From song, and from the hills of joy
Where sorrow sought me out.

It's good to dream and turn,
And turn and dream, or fall
To comfort with my pack of bones,
And know of nothing at all!

Yes, never know at all
If prowlers mew or bark,
Nor wonder if it's three o'clock
Or four o'clock of the dark.

When the longer shades have fallen
And the last weariness
Has brought the sweetest gift of life,
The last forgetfulness,

If a sound as of old leaves
Stir the last bed I keep,
Then say, my dears: "It's old Lizette —
She's turning in her sleep."

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Agnes Lee*

UP CARR CREEK

The ways of the world are a-coming — up Cyarr!
Biled shirts and neckties,
Powder-pots and veils,
Pizen fotched-on liquor,
Doctor-pills, and ails —
Hit's a sight, all the brash that's a-coming — up Cyarr!

The ways of the mountains are passing — up Cyarr!
Moonshine stills and manhood,
Gear to weave and spin,
Good old Reg'lar Baptists
Preaching hell for sin.
Far'well to the old ways a-passing — up Cyarr!

The ways of the world will be holding — up Cyarr!
Sorry ways, the old ways,
They've a call to go.
Only, when you're grave-bound,
Changing's allus slow.
Old folks will bide by the old ways — up Cyarr.

The Outlook *Ann Cobb*
(Of the Settlement School,
Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky,)

THE WIDOW-MAN

I've brung you my three babes, that lost their Maw a year ago.
Folks claim you are right women, larnd, and fitten for to know
What's best for babes, and how to raise 'em into Christian men.
I've growed afeared to leave 'em lest the house ketch fire again.
For though I counsel 'em a sight each time I ride to town,
Little chaps get so sleepy-headed when the dark comes down!

A body can make shift somehow to feed 'em up of days,
But nights they need a woman-person's foolish little ways
(When all of t'other young things are tucked under mammy's wing,
And the hoot-owls and the frogs and all the lonesome critters sing).
You'll baby 'em a little when you get 'em in their gown?
Little chaps get so sleepy-headed when the dark comes down!

The Outlook

Ann Cobb
(Of the Settlement School, Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky.)

KIVERS[1]

Yes, I've sev'ral kivers you can see;
'Light, and hitch your beastie in the shade!
I don't foller weaving now so free,
And all my purtiest ones my forebears made.
Home-dyed colors kindly meller down
Better than these new fotched-on ones from town.

I ricollect my granny at the loom
Weaving that blue one yonder on the bed.
She put the shuttle by and laid in tomb.
Her word was I could claim hit when I wed.
"Flower of Edinboro' " was hit's name,
Betokening the land from which she came.

Nary a daughter have I for the boon,
But there's my son's wife, from the level land,
She took the night with us at harvest-moon, —
A comely, fair young maid, with loving hand.
I gave her three — "Sunrise" and "Trailing Vine"
And "Young Man's Fancy." She admired 'em fine.

That green one mostly wrops around the bread;
"Tennessee Lace" I take to ride behind.
Hither and yon right smart of them have fled.
Inside the chest I keep my choicest kind —
"Pine-Bloom," and "St. Ann's Robe" (of hickory brown),
"Star of the East" (that yaller's fading down!).

The Rose? I wove hit courting, long ago, —
Not Simon, though he's proper kind of heart —
His name was Hugh — the fever laid him low —
I allus keep that kiver set apart.
"Rose of the Valley," he would laugh and say,
"The kiver's favoring your face today!"

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[1]In the Kentucky mountains for generations the sole outlet for the artistic sense of the women has been the weaving of woolen coverlets, many of them of elaborate pattern and rare beauty.

The Outlook — *Ann Cobb*
(*Of the Settlement School, Hindman, Knott County, Kentucky.*)

WHOA, ZEBE, WHOA

Saddle me up the Zebra Dun —
  Whoa, Zebe, whoa!
Double-cinch the son of a gun —
  Whoa, till I bridle you, whoa!
Foot in the stirrup, straddle him quick —
Pitch and squeal and buck and kick —
Take your gait or the spurs will prick,
  Lope along, you Zebra Dun.

The boys are off for town tonight —
  It's a-riding, Zebra Dun!
Playing poker and a-getting tight —
  Sift along, O Zebra Dun!
Bunch of girls at Brown's Hotel
Knows the steps, and dances well —
Rattlesnake Pete and his fiddle —
  Lope along, O Zebra Dun!

Lights of the town are a-shining clear —
  Run, you Zebra Dun!
Last four weeks seems like a year —
  Run, Zebe, run!
  Yip, yip, yi-yi, yi-yi!
  Run, you old stiff-kneed grasshopper,
  You spiral-spined jackrabbit, you!
  A-ho, whoopee!
Brown's Hotel we're bound to see,
Swing them girls at the dance party,
One-and-twenty on a moonlight spree —
  A-ho, whoopee!
  Whoa, Zebe, whoa!
  Whoa, till I hitch you, whoa!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — *Edwin Ford Piper*

CIRCUS

I

SIDE SHOW

Her scant skirt spreads above her knees.
Her hands lie folded in her lap.
She looks ahead, and does not shrink
To see the mixed crowd nudge and gape,

While dirty men with roving eyes
Press close and whisper, "Look!
Tattooed wherever you can see!
Say, she's a walkin' pitcher-book!"

Madonna pricked upon her back
Complacently she lets them view,
And on the calf of one bare leg,
Christ crucified — tattooed in blue.

II

GRAND ENTRY

Monsters in trousers baggy and grey,
With harness of scarlet and brass,
Trunk looped to tail in rhythmic array —
A frieze on a temple of Asia — pass

Solemnly round the tan-bark track.
The breasts of the sulky girl in red
Perched on the leading elephant's back,
Shake to the lurch of his ponderous tread.

Then follows a bamboo palanquin,
Borne by the camels' shambling strength.
The fringes slap as, jolted within,
A tawdry sultana reclines at full length.

Forty dull clowns hobble awkwardly by.
"Hey! That's my mother!" one leers.
He points at the charmer, and then at his eye,
And grins through his painted black tears.

III

RING-MASTER

Tethered to the canvas top
Undulating shadows writhe —
Snaky flags that seem alive.
"What an awful way to drop!
Look how high it is up there."
— "Shucks! *They* never get a fall."
"Who's that man in glossy black
Satin knee-pants, and the coat
Red as pepper, on his back?"
— "He's Ring-Master. Hear um bawl,
'*All eyes on the center ring!*
Attention, please! Attention all!'"

IV

THE WATCHER AT THE ROPES

Stretching her toes until they kiss
The dizzy roof on her upward swing,
Blindfolded, Marie makes a spring
In faultless curve above the abyss.
The man on another frail trapeze,
Clipping the bar with supple knees,
Catches her ankles. The nervous crowd
Closes its eyes or gasps aloud,
Watching from very far below,
Hypnotized, as to and fro,
The pendulum swings, till they leap apart.
A mother's hand goes to her heart.
A boy in uniform shouts or drones,
"*Soda-pop, candy and ice-cream cones!*"
Attendants slouch by the ropes and wait.
Unseen among them, watches Fate —
His lips move, counting — his deep eyes stare
Upward at Marie, Queen of the Air.

AUCTION: ANDERSON GALLERIES

"Lot 65: John Keats to Fanny Brawne.
A beauty, gentlemen, and in the best
Condition. Four leaves, scarcely pressed.
What am I bid? Five hundred . . . Five . . . Come
on.
Who'll make it Six? Six hundred. . . ." (*Pale and
drawn,*
I dreamed forever in a sweet unrest
Of your warm, lucent, million-pleasured breast)
"Six hundred . . . Now Six fifty . . . Are you done?"

"Seven . . . A half . . . Did I hear eight? . . .
Eight . . . Eight . . .
Who'll make it Nine?" (*Would that I could survive*
The horrors of a brutal world. I hate
All men and women, saving one, alive.)
"Nine fifty . . . Going . . . Sorry, sir; too late.
Sold to this party for Nine sixty five."

The New Republic — *Louis Untermeyer*

THE LAWYERS KNOW TOO MUCH

The lawyers, Bob, know too much.
They are chums of the books of old John Marshall.
They know it all, what a dead hand wrote,
A stiff dead hand and its knuckles crumbling,
The bones of the fingers a thin white ash.
The lawyers know
a dead man's thoughts too well.

In the heels of the higgling lawyers, Bob,
Too many slippery ifs and buts and howevers,
Too much hereinbefore provided whereas,
Too many doors to go in and out of.

When the lawyers are through
What is there left, Bob?
Can a mouse nibble at it
And find enough to fasten a tooth in?

Why is there always a secret singing
When a lawyer cashes in?
Why does a hearse horse snicker
Hauling a lawyer away?

The work of a bricklayer goes to the blue.
The knack of a mason outlasts a moon.
The hands of a plasterer hold a room together.
The land of a farmer wishes him back again.
Singers of songs and dreamers of plays
Build a house no wind blows over.
The lawyers — tell me why a hearse horse snickers
hauling a lawyer's bones.

The Dial. *Carl Sandburg*

THE CIVIL ENGINEERS

They stormed the forts of Nature,
And marched with blast and drill
On her bulwark cliffs and sapping swamps, —
Her strength against their skill.

Though her torrents twisted their bridges
Like the horns of a mountain ram
And burst like a hungry tiger
Through the buttressed walls of their dam;

They threw out new spans like spiders,
And copied the beaver's art,
And broke the desert's slumber
With bloom in its rainless heart.

They tunneled her snowy shoulders,
Or wriggled up like a snake,
And laced her with iron girders
Like a martyr lashed to a stake.

And clove her spine-like ridges
From isthmus shore to shore,
And plied their mighty dredges
As she let the landslides pour.

She was harsh as a fickle mistress,
And stern as an angered god,
Then soft as the lap of a mother,
As they conquered her great untrod.

From the circles around the Arctics
To Cancer and Capricorn,
From the yellow streams of China
To the base of the Matterhorn;

They have vanquished their untamed Mother;
Though she thunders volcanic guns,
They force her to do their bidding,
Like masterful rebel sons.

Contemporary Verse — *Phœbe Hoffman*

INFERENTIAL

Although I saw before me there the face
Of one whom I had honored among men
The least, and on regarding him again
Would not have had him in another place,
He fitted with an unfamiliar grace
The coffin where I could not see him then
As I had seen him and appraised him when
I deemed him unessential to the race.

For there was more of him than what I saw
And there was on me more than the old awe
That is the common genius of the dead.
I might as well have heard him: "Never mind;
If some of us were not so far behind,
The rest of us were not so far ahead."

The Dial *Edwin Arlington Robinson*

RESEMBLANCE

I have on mine no likeness
To your fairy queenlike face,
No sign in all my body
Of any of your grace.

I might have been a changeling,
As well have been a son,
As to grow up your daughter
And look like anyone.

But where your two breasts parted
A small mark darkened you,
And over my heart's beating
I have the same scar too.

A little seal and golden,
Whereby it shall be known
That you have shaped and borne me
And stamped me as your own!

Contemporary Verse *Winifred Welles*

THE LONG HILL

I must have passed the crest a while ago
  And now I am going down.
Strange to have crossed the crest and not to know —
  But the brambles were always catching the hem of my gown.

All the morning I thought how proud it would be
  To stand there straight as a queen —
Wrapped in the wind and the sun, with the world under me.
  But the air was dull, there was little I could have seen.

It was nearly level along the beaten track
  And the brambles caught in my gown —
But it's no use now to think of turning back,
  The rest of the way will be only going down.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — *Sara Teasdale*

THREE QUATRAINS

THE CUP

She said, "Lift high the cup!"
  Of her arm's weariness she gave no sign,
But, smiling, raised it up
  That none might see or guess it held no wine.

FORGIVE ME NOT!

  Forgive me not! Hate me and I shall know
Some of Love's fire still burns within your breast!
Forgiveness finds its home in hearts at rest,
  On dead volcanoes only lies the snow.

One deep red rose I dropped into his grave,
So small a thing to give so great a friend!
Yet well he knew it was my heart I gave
And must fare on without it to the end.

Harper's Magazine — *Lilla Cabot Perry*

I, WHO FADE WITH THE LILACS

I, who fade with the lilacs
And with the roses fade,
Am sharing this hour with them
Conferring in the shade.

Life has not left the wonder
With which it first began
To make Pierrot a poet,
In making him a man.

It has not made a rainbow,
In all the sorry years,
But was a sailing glory
Upon a sea of tears.

Somehow life leaves one stranded
On shores too near or far,
Hitching, forever hitching
Ships — shallops to a star.

New York Sun Books and the Book World — *William Griffith*

DUST

What is dust?
Ashes of love, charred letters, faded heliotrope,
Rose petals fallen from a dead hand,
Spiders, bats, deserted houses, crumbling citadels,
And wheel ruts where vanished armies have passed.

Is that all?
Oh, dust is sun and laughter,
Circuses, parasols, preening pigeons,
Lovers picnicking by the roadside,
And ragamuffins tumbling in the warm lanes.
Dust is rainbow webs caught in sweet, hot smelling hedges,
And it is dust that keeps my eyes from being blinded by the stars!

Contemporary Verse — *Dorothy Anderson*

SONG IN THE KEY OF AUTUMN

We are walking with the month
To a quiet place.
See, only here and there the gentians stand!
Tonight the homing loon
Will fly across the moon,
Over the tired land.

We were the idlers and the sowers,
The watchers in the sun,
The harvesters who laid away the grain.
Now there's a sign in every vacant tree,
Now there's a hint in every stubble field,
Something we must not forget
When the blossoms fly again.

Give me your hand!
There were too many promises in June.
Human-tinted buds of spring
Told only half the truth.
The withering leaf beneath our feet,
That wrinkled apple overhead,
Say more than vital boughs have said
When we went walking
In this growing place.
There is something in this hour
More honest than a flower
Or laughter from a sunny face.

The Century Magazine — *Scudder Middleton*

EXILE

I have made grief a gorgeous, queenly thing,
And worn my melancholy with an air.
My tears were big as stars to deck my hair,
My silence stunning as a sapphire ring.
Oh, more than any light the dark could fling
A glamour over me to make me rare,
Better than any color I could wear
The pearly grandeur that the shadows bring.
What is there left to joy for such as I?
What throne can dawn upraise for me who found
The dusk so royal and so rich a one?
Laughter will whirl and whistle on the sky —
Far from this riot I shall stand uncrowned,
Disrobed, bereft, an outcast in the sun.

The North American Review — *Winifred Welles*

EXILED

Searching my heart for its true sorrow,
This is the thing I find to be:
That I am weary of words and people,
Sick of the city, wanting the sea;
Wanting the sticky, salty sweetness
Of the strong wind and shattered spray,
Wanting the loud sound and the soft sound
Of the big surf that breaks all day.

Always before about my dooryard,
Marking the reach of the winter sea,
Rooted in sand and dragging driftwood,
Straggled the purple wild sweet pea.
Always I climbed the wave at morning,
Shook the sand from my shoes at night,
That now am caught beneath big buildings,
Stricken with noise, confused with light.

If I could hear the green piles groaning
Under the windy, wooden piers,
See once again the bobbing barrels,
And the black sticks that fence the weirs;
If I could see the weedy mussels
Crusting the wrecked and rotting hulls,
Hear once again the hungry crying
Overhead, of the wheeling gulls;

Feel once again the shanty straining
Under the turning of the tide,
Fear once again the rising freshet,
Dread the bell in the fog outside,
I should be happy! — that was happy
All day long on the coast of Maine.
I have a need to hold and handle
Shells and anchors and ships again.

I should be happy, that am happy
Never at all since I came here.
I am too long away from water;
I have a need of water near.

Ainslee's Magazine *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

THE WORKER

Be quiet, worker in my breast:
You hurt me, pounding so!
Day and night your hammer rings.
What you build, I do not know.

I am tired by your effort.
I would like to be as still
As the solitary sheep
Scattered on the sunny hill.

Stop your mad, insistent beating!
Be less eager and more wise!
You are building nothing lasting.
Let me rest and close my eyes.

Harper's Magazine *Scudder Middleton*

A NATURE-LOVER PASSES

(*In certain parts of the world the custom still prevails of telling the bees that a member of the family has died.*)

Bees, go tell the things he treasured —
Oak and grass and violet —
That although his life was measured
He is with them yet!

Tell the wild rose and the clover
That the earth has made him over!
Tell the lilting, loitering stream
He is sharer of its dream!
Whisper to the April wood
Of his blending in its mood!
Tell the wind his spirit flows
In whatever path it blows!
Tell the thrush it draws its art
From the rapture of his heart!
Bees, to his green shelter bring
All of earth's bright gossiping:
Tales of feather, flower, or fur;
Sap upmounting; wings astir!

Now we may no more attend him,
Bid his loved wild things befriend him!

Harper's Magazine *Daniel Henderson*

HE DID NOT KNOW

He did not know that he was dead;
He walked along the crowded street,
Smiled, tipped his hat, nodded his head
To his friends he chanced to meet.

And yet they passed him quietly by
With an unknowing, level stare;
They met him with an abstract eye
As if he were the air.

"Some sorry thing has come to pass,"
The dead man thought; he hurried home,
And found his wife before her glass,
Dallying with a comb.

He found his wife all dressed in black;
  He kissed her mouth, he stroked her head.
"Men act so strange since I've come back
  From over there," he said.

She spoke no word; she only smiled.
  But now he heard her say his name,
And saw her study, grief-beguiled,
  His picture in a frame.

Then he remembered that black night
  And the great shell-burst, wide and red,
The sudden plunging into light;
  And knew that he was dead.

The Century Magazine — *Harry Kemp*

OVERHEAD

When you and I are laid away
  In little boxes under grass,
What will the townsmen say of us
  When overhead they smile and pass?

"She was a lovely, quiet thing
  Who kept her house so neat and gay.
She was as much in love with life
  As she is satisfied today."

"He was the brightest man we had;
  He kept us laughing till he died.
It seemed he only had to speak,
  And we would chuckle at his side."

Then you and I will rap the boards
  And call in language of the dead —
But there'll be nothing we can do
  To stop that chatter overhead.

Harper's Magazine — *Scudder Middleton*

TO E. T.

I slumbered with your poems on my breast
Spread open as I dropped them half read through
Like dove wings on a figure on a tomb
To see, if, in a dream they brought of you,

I might not have the chance I missed in life
Through some delay, and call you to your face
First soldier, and then poet, and then both,
Who died a soldier-poet of your race.

I meant, you meant, that nothing should remain
Unsaid between us, brother, and this remained —
And one thing more that was not then to say:
The Victory for what it lost and gained.

You went to meet the shell's embrace of fire
On Vimy Ridge; and when you fell that day
The war seemed over more for you than me,
But now for me than you — the other way.

How over, though, for even me who knew
The foe thrust back unsafe beyond the Rhine,
If I was not to speak of it to you
And see you pleased once more with words of mine?

The Yale Review *Robert Frost*

THE YOUNG DEAD

Ah, how I pity the young dead who gave
All that they were, and might become, that we
With tired eyes should watch this perfect sea
Re-weave its patterning of silver wave
Round scented cliffs of arbutus and bay.

No more shall any rose along the way,
The myrtled way that wanders to the shore,
Nor jonquil-twinkling meadow any more,
Nor the warm lavender that takes the spray,
Smell only of sea-salt and the sun,

But, through recurring seasons, every one
Shall speak to us with lips the darkness closes,
Shall look at us with eyes that missed the roses,
Clutch us with hands whose work was just begun,
Laid idle now beneath the earth we tread —

And always we shall walk with the young dead. —
Ah, how I pity the young dead, whose eyes
Strain through the sod to see these perfect skies,
Who feel the new wheat springing in their stead,
And the lark singing for them overhead!

The Yale Review *Edith Wharton*

THE HOUSE AT EVENING

(*In Memory of T. F. B.*)

Across the school-ground it would start
To light my eyes, that yellow gleam —
The window of the flaming heart,
The chimney of the tossing dream.
The scuffed and wooden porch of Heaven,
The voice that came like a caress,
The warm kind hands that once were given
My carelessness.

It was a house you would not think
Could hold such sacraments in things
Or give the wild heart meat and drink
Or give the stormy soul high wings

Or chime small voices to such mirth
Or crown the night with stars and flowers
Or make upon this quaking earth
Such steady hours.

Yet, that in storm it stood secure,
And in the cold was warm with love,
Shall its similitude endure
Past trophies that men weary of,
Where two were out of fortune's reach,
Building great empires round a name
And ushering into casual speech
Dim worlds aflame.

The Yale Review *William Rose Benét*

HER WAY

(*In Memory of T. F. B.*)

You loved the hay in the meadow,
  Flowers at noon,
The high cloud's long shadow,
  Honey of June,
The flaming woodways tangled
  With Fall on the hill,
The towering night star-spangled
  And winter-still.

And you loved firelight faces
  The hearth, the home —
Your mind on golden traces,
  London or Rome —
On quaintly-colored spaces
  Where heavens glow
With his quaint saints' embraces —
  Angelico.

In cloister and highway
(Gold of God's dust!)
And many an elfin byway
You put your trust —
A crock and a table,
Love's end of day,
And light of a storied stable
Where kings must pray.

Somewhere there is a village
For you and me,
Hayfield, hearth, and tillage —
Where can it be?
Prayers when birds awake,
Daily bread,
Toil for His sunlit sake
Who raised us dead.

With this in mind you moved
Through love and pain.
Hard though the long road proved,
You turned again
With a heart that knew its trust
Not ill-bestowed.
With this you light the dust
That clouds my road.

The Yale Review *William Rose Benét*

TO THE DEAD FAVOURITE OF LIU CH'E

The sound of rustling silk is stilled,
With solemn dust the court is filled,
No footfalls echo on the floor;
A thousand leaves stop up her door,
Her little golden drink is spilled.

Her painted fan no more shall rise
Before her black barbaric eyes —
The scattered tea goes with the leaves.
And simply crossed her yellow sleeves;
And every day a sunset dies.

Her birds no longer coo and call,
The cherry blossoms fade and fall,
Nor ever does her shadow stir
But stares forever back at her,
And through her runs no sound at all.

And bending low, my falling tears
Drop fast against her little ears,
And yet no sound comes back, and I
Who used to play her tenderly
Have touched her not a thousand years.

The Dial *Djuna Barnes*

THE CURSE

On the cord dead hangs our sister,
She of the wondrous lily feet.
They have blasted our fragrant flower —
She shall curse them as is meet!
Hold the broom in her dead hand —
Raise her up until she stand.
Backward, forward, sweep the room!
Wealth and happiness and long life
Sweeps she with avenging broom
From the house where she was wife.
Backward, forward, sweep the broom
Sweeping doom, sweeping doom!

Now the gods will surely punish —
Surely pity the young bride.
She was like a willow blossom,

It was springtime when she died.
Hold the broom in her dead hand —
Raise her up until she stand!
She was always flower-gay
Till they broke her smiling heart.
In this house she would not stay —
Take her up — let us depart.

Poetry, a Magazine of Verse *Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*

PLACE FOR A THIRD

Nothing to say to all those marriages!
She had made three herself to three of his.
The score was even for them, three to three.
But come to die she found she cared so much:
She thought of children in a burial row;
Three children in a burial row were sad.
One man's three women in a burial row —
Somehow made her impatient with the man.
And so she said to Laban, "You have done
A good deal right: don't do the last thing wrong.
Don't make me lie with those two other women."

Laban said, No, he would not make her lie
With any one but that she had a mind to.
If that was how she felt, of course, he said.
She went her way. But Laban having caught
This glimpse of lingering person in Eliza,
And anxious to make all he could of it
With something he remembered in himself,
Tried to think how he could exceed his promise,
And give good measure to the dead, though thankless.
If that was how she felt, he kept repeating.
His first thought under pressure was a grave
In a new boughten grave plot by herself,
Under he didn't care how great a stone:
He'd sell a yoke of steers to pay for it.

And weren't there special cemetery flowers,
That once grief sets to growing, grief may rest:
The flowers will go on with grief awhile,
And no one seem neglecting or neglected?
A prudent grief will not despise such aids.
He thought of evergreen and everlasting.
And then he had a thought worth many of these.
Somewhere must be the grave of the young boy
Who married her for playmate more than helpmate,
And sometimes laughed at what it was between them
How would she like to sleep her last with him?
Where was his grave? Did Laban know his name?

He found the grave a town or two away,
The headstone cut with John, Beloved Husband,
Beside it room reserved, the say a sister's,
A never-married sister's of that husband,
Whether Eliza would be welcome there.
The dead was bound to silence: ask the sister.
So Laban saw the sister, and, saying nothing
Of where Eliza wanted *not* to lie,
And who had thought to lay her with her first love,
Begged simply for the grave. The sister's face
Fell all in wrinkles of responsibility.
She wanted to do right. She'd have to think.

Laban was old and poor, yet seemed to care;
And she was old and poor — but she cared, too.
They sat. She cast one dull, old look at him,
Then turned him out to go on other errands
She said he might attend to in the village,
While she made up her mind how much she cared —
And how much Laban cared — and why he cared
(She made shrewd eyes to see where he came in).

She'd looked Eliza up her second time,
A widow at her second husband's grave,
And offered her a home to rest awhile
Before she went the poor man's widow's way,
Housekeeping for the next man out of wedlock.

She and Eliza had been friends through all.
Who was she to judge marriage in a world
Whose Bible's so confused up in marriage counsel?
The sister had not come across this Laban;
A decent product of life's ironing-out;
She must not keep him waiting. Time would press
Between the death day and the funeral day.
So when she saw him coming in the street
She hurried her decision to be ready
To meet him with his answer at the door.
Laban had known about what it would be
From the way she had set her poor old mouth,
To do, as she had put it, what was right.
She gave it through the screen door closed between
them:
"No, not with John. There wouldn't be no sense.
Eliza's had too many other men."

Laban was forced to fall back on his plan
To buy Eliza a plot to lie alone in:
Which gives him for himself a choice of lots
When his time comes to die and settle down.

Harper's Magazine *Robert Frost*

LITTLE CARIBOU MAKES BIG TALK

Boo-shoo! Boo-shoo!
Me, Ah'-dek-koons, I mak'-um big talk. Ho!
Me, ol' man; I'm got-um sick in knee
In rainy wedder w'en I'm walk. Ugh!
Me, lak moose w'at's ol',
I'm drop-um plenty toot'!
Yet I am big man! Ho!
An' I am talk big! Ho!

Hi-yee! Blow lak moose ol' man!
Ho!
Ho!

Hi-yi! Little Caribou him talk
Lak O'-mah-ka-kee dose Bullfrog;
Big mout', big belly,
No can fight!

Ugh! Close mout', young crazy buck!
You stop council-talk,
You go 'way council;
Sit wit' squaw.
You lak pollywog tad-pole:
No can jump-um over little piece mud;
Can only shake-um tail lak crazy-dam-fool!

Keetch'-ie O'-gi-ma', big Presh-i-den',
He got-um plenty t'oughts in head, good t'oughts;

Me, Little Caribou,
I'm got-um plenty t'oughts in head, good t'oughts.
Yet Eenshun Agent Myers all-tam' saying:
"Ah-dek-koons he crazy ol' fool!"
Ugh! *He* crazy ol' fool!

Keetch-ie O-gi-ma long tam' ago was say in treaty:
"All de Cheebway should be farmer;
All will get from gov'ment fine allotment —
One hundred-sixty acre each." Ho!
Ho! Eenshun scratch-um treaty!

W'ats come treaty? Hah!
Eenshun got-um hondred-sixty acre,
But go-um too much little pieces;
Pieces scattered over lake
Lak leaves she's blow by wind.
In tamarack swamp by Moose-tail Bay
He got-um forty acre piece.
In muskeg and in rice-field,
On Lake of Cut-foot Sious, ten mile away,
He got-um forty acre more.
In sand an' pickerel weed,
On Bowstring Lake, she's forty mile away,

He got-um forty acre more.
Hondred mile away, on Lac La Croix,
W'ere lumber-man is mak' big dam

For drive-um log — an' back-um up water
All over Eenshun allotment land —
He got-um forty acre more, all under lake!
How can be?
Got-um land all over lake!
Got-um land all under lake!
For Eenshun be good farmer
Eenshun should be good for walking under water!
Should be plough hees land wit' clam-drag!
Should be gadder crops wit' fish-net
For Eenshun be good farmer
Eenshun should be fish!

Ugh!

I have said it!
Ho!
Hi! Plenty-big talk!
Ho! Ho! Ho!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse — *Lew Sarett*

THE CARRYING OF THE GHOST

A Mes-qua-kie Ceremony

[*The Friends and the Mourners chant responsively.*]

Let the ghost of the brave be carried away.
Let the ghost of the brave be carried away.
Mourners, look up.
Fasters, look up.
You who have shed your blood, look up.
You whose tears were not enough to shed,
Look up, look up.

We cannot look up.
We cannot look up.

A moon ago he died.
A moon ago died the dutiful son.
A moon ago died the faithful husband.
A moon ago died the brave, the friend.
His ghost is cold.
His ghost is naked.
Let the ghost of the brave be carried away.
Mourners, look up.
Fasters, look up.

We cannot look up.
We cannot look up.

Mourners, fasters,
Where is his ghost?
In the Happy Hunting Ground
Pursues he the game?
Fights he in company with ancient warriors?
Fights he in company with Hot Hand?
Fights he in company with Cold Hand?
Fights he with the ancient brave Mes-qua-kies?
Mourners, fasters,
Where is his ghost?
Is he in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Is he in the Happy Hunting Ground?

Ai, ai! Ai, ai! Ai, ai!
Ai, ai! Ai, ai! Ai, ai!

Why is he not in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Why is he not in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Mourners, fasters,
Have you not sent him?
Mourners and fasters,
Befriend him, befriend him.
Mourners and fasters,
Befriend his ghost.

Why is he not in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Mourners and fasters, why does his ghost tarry?
Why is it thin and cold and naked?

He is so loved
We cannot send him.
He is so loved
We cannot let him go.
Ai, ai! Ai, ai! Ai, ai!

He stands outside
The circle of the ghost-fire,
He stands outside
In the cold darkness.
His soul is naked.
He is cold, outside
In the cold darkness.
He fears the demons
In the cold darkness,
Lest they eat his soul
In the cold darkness.
Mourners and fasters,
Befriend his ghost.

He is son: we cannot send him.
He is brother: we cannot send him.
He is husband: we cannot send him.
He is friend: we cannot send him.
We cannot send him.
We cannot let him go.
If we send him,
He comes back no more.
If he goes,
He comes back no more.

He is lonely and friendless.
He has no companions.
He sees his friends
By the smoky ghost-fire,
But they cannot see him.

He hears their voices
Praise him by the ghost-fire
But they cannot hear him
When he replies.
Thin is his voice:
They cannot hear it.
Send him to the Happy Hunting Ground,
Where dwell his ancestors,
Send him to the Happy Hunting Ground,
Where dwell Hot Hand and Cold Hand.

Long is the ghost-road:
No one returns by it.
Long is the ghost-road:
He comes back no more.

Long is the ghost-road: no one returns by it.
Long is the ghost-road: but all go over it.
Long is the ghost-road: you will go over it.
You will go over it, if you will send him.

Long is the ghost-road:
No one returns by it.
Long is the ghost-road:
He comes back no more.

He wanders in the cold, beyond the ghost-fire.
He picks up crumbs like a wolf in the cold.
He has no horse: he can hunt no game.
Long is the ghost-road,
But all go over it.
Long is the ghost-road.
You will go over it.
You will go over it
If you will send him.

Yes, we will send him,
For we shall follow him.
Yes, we will send him,
For we shall not lose him.

Yes, we will send him:
We shall all follow after him.
We shall all follow after him,
Wise, good, loving.
Yes, we will send him:
Make ready the horse,
The new clothes, the feast.

They will send him, they will send him,
The mourners will send him,
Make ready the horse, the new clothes, the feast.
They will send him.
They will send him.
And they will follow after.
Call the ghost carriers
Call the ghost carriers.
Bring no more wood to the smoky ghost-fire:
The ghost goes on the long ghost-road.
Bring no more food to the smoky ghost-fire:
The ghost goes on the long ghost-road.
Let the men who sit by the smoky ghost-fire
No more praise him that he may hear.
Let the men who sit by the smoky ghost-fire
Rise up now and help to make ready
Rise up and make ready.
Make ready,
Make ready,
Rise up and make ready.
The ghost goes on the long ghost-road.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Nelson Antrim Crawford*

ELEGY BEFORE DEATH

There will be rose and rhododendron
When you are dead and underground;
Still will be heard from white syringas
Heavy with bees, a sunny sound;

Still will the tamaracks be raining
  After the rain has ceased, and still
Will there be robbins in the stubble,
  Brown sheep upon the warm, green hill.

Spring will not ail, nor autumn falter,
  Nothing will know that you are gone,
Saving alone some sullen plowland
  None but yourself sets foot upon;

Saving the mayweed and the pigweed
  Nothing will know that you are dead —
These, and perhaps a useless wagon
  Standing beside some tumbled shed.

Oh, there will pass with your great passing
  Little of beauty not your own;
Only the light from common water,
  Only the grace from simple stone!

Ainslee's Magazine — *Edna St. Vincent Millay*

O, MY FRIEND *

* This characteristic tribute by Mr. Masters to his friend William Marion Reedy was called forth by the latter's death in July. In his own way, which seems to me the right way, Mr. Reedy was a "discoverer" of poets — and writers — through a sympathy and understanding unequalled among his contemporaries. He was no propagandist for any particular theory or method or school of the art; but a pure lover of poetry with infinite unselfishness of the lover who praises the virtues of his mistress and genially tolerates her faults. His memory will long be honored and affectionately cherished by the poets of America — a monument he would most desired for his fame. — *W. S. B.*

O, my friend,
What fitting word can I say?
You, my chum,

My companion of infinite talks,
My inspiration,
My guide,
Through whom I saw myself at best;
You, the light of this western country.
You, a great richness.
A glory,
A charm,
Product and treasure of these States.

Bill, I knew you had gone.
I was walking down into town this morning,
And amid the hurry of cars and the flash of this July sun,
You came to me.
At least the intimation came to me;
And may it be you,
That somewhere I can laugh and talk long hours with
you again.

Reedy's Mirror — *Edgar Lee Masters*

BEAUTY'S BURDEN

I am weighed down beneath a clustering load
Of fragrances, rich sounds and lovely shapes,
Like one who toils along a doubtful road
With the glad wealth of purple-glinting grapes.
I seem to stagger from an ancient city
With golden armor, swords, fierce jewels, rings, —
Treasure that stirs deep memories with the pity
Of fate-foiled heroes and forgotten kings.
And then I dream I bear a love-ripe maiden,
Whose folded eyelids flutter; and I thirst
To touch her throat, her lips, till, rapture-laden,
It seems at length as if my heart would burst.
Yet, Beauty-faint, I would not lose one shade,
Or note or scent that Beauty's hand hath made.

The Farmer — *Charles Wharton Stork*

STORM AND SUN

O Love, now the herded billows over the holy plain
Of the trampled sea move thunderously, and cast
Their wrath on the dark shore — let us set out again,
Let us make seaward, and be gone at last.

Into the choiring, clashing, wild waste of waters strown
Around us, — forward — forward —, and leave behind
The little frets and the fevers, just we two alone,
Heart-free, as once in days long out of mind!

Forget the city and all its troubles, leave forever
Our dusty ways! The Eternal 'round us rolled
Shall wash us white of the little sins and fears that sever,
Lave us, and leave us lovers as of old —

Lovers as once in golden days gone by, till sorrow
Fall from us like a robe, the martyrdom
Of life on the daily rack: there shall be no Tomorrow,
Nor Yesterday, but heaven and ocean. — Sweetheart, come

And on the swelling pillow of the Unbounded lean
Your cheek, all fiery now — O let us press
Forward, the changeful furrows of the flashing foam between,
Our glowing bodies into the Loveliness!

The waves shatter, the billows break us, the sullen wrath
Of the surf beats down our foreheads. Line on line
Rises the majesty of the sea to oppose our path
With tingling bodies through the stinging brine;

But in our jubilant breasts the embattled life at bay
Exults fiercely for joy, the waves cry out
And shout in answering joy, the salt and savage spray
Showers our shoulders in the exuberant bout,

Where we press forward, laughing for lusty love, and the hollows
Receive us and rise, the foam of the breaker's crest
Unfolds like a flower and dies of its kiss, and subsides, and follows,
Laughing and loving, where our limbs have pressed:

Till in the lustrous shadow of the last wave before us
We bow, and from the rolling billow's might
Lift glimmering eyelids up, while hearts and lips in chorus
Mingle with winds and waters their delight.

Far — far — where the sea-bird sinks weary wings at last
Before the wrath of the wings of the wind, the sea
Makes moan, the inconsolable, pale waters are aghast,
And shudder with dread of their own immensity.

They murmur with one another, the voice of their vast prayer
Sinks down in supplication, and the sleep
Of the Supreme is stirred to whispers everywhere —
The dark and divine sorrows of the Deep.

Where the heads of the sea were holy and lifted in wrath divine
Now broods the silence, heaven holds its breath, —
Where the feet of the winds made music far out to the lone sea-line, —
The rapture and awe and silence as of death!

Hark — how the lonely sea-bird screams above the surges
And inland reaches! Now, far out, we roam
The desert and dumb vast of the dread sea that urges
Our fitful course far out beyond the foam,

Toward the most pallid rim of cloudy noonday steering
Steadily, while the fluent glooms and grave
Lap us and lift, repulse, and pause — the wild and veering
Will of the loving and reluctant wave.

The sombre and immense breast of the huge sea
Lifts in long lines of beauty, the supreme
Bosom with its vast love rises resistlessly,
And lapses in long lines into its dream.

Lone to the last marge — lone — lone — lone —
And void to where the huddled waters crowd
The brim — along the floor of heaven's darkened throne
Moves, like a ghost, the shadow of a cloud.

Shadow and light pass over shifting, shine and shade
Vanish and veer, upon the chilly rim
Kindle like crowns the cloud-crests along the east arrayed
And swords of flame, like swords of the seraphim.

The floors of the sea catch fire, the eye of the world's light
Dilates, and into a glory of glittering gold
Break the pale greens and purples; the sun in heaven's height
Unveils himself for all men to behold

And all the world is a-riot, behind us and before,
With fire and color — the heavens roll back their gloom,
From zone to zone, from the zenith to the everlasting floor,
Reaches one resonant and radiant room —

Light! — Light! The astounded, far fields of ocean shine
Sheer gold and shimmering amber: where we take
The lips of the wave with laughter your eyes are turned to mine,
Sweetheart, your eyes that burn for beauty's sake.

They tremble with happy tears and little words unspoken
Trouble your lips; dumbly, dumbly we know
Something starry and strange, that the world's wheel has broken,
Come back to us out of the long-ago.

Put out your hand. O cleave the clasp of the close wave, turning
Its fire to flowers! Put out your hand, and move
Forward into the radiant far reaches 'round us burning,
Darling, as once in the old days of love.

Our hearts drink the wrath and the wonder, the breath of the boundless spaces
Hallows our foreheads, the exceeding might
Of moving waters around us is music, and on our faces
The glory of God is shed, His holy light!

Reedy's Mirror — *John Hall Wheelock*

LINES FOR THE HOUR

If what we fought for seems not worth the fighting,
And if to win seems in the end to fail,
Know that the vision lives beyond all blighting
And every struggle rends another veil.

The tired hack, the cynic politician,
Can dim but cannot make us lose the goal,
Time moves with measured step upon her mission,
Knowing the slow mutations of the soul.

New York Evening Post — *Hamilton Fish Armstrong*

ON THE MANTELPIECE

Audi Alteram Partem

The roses and vines and the tall, straight, delicate
poplars,
Growing about a beautiful old sixteenth-century French
chateau,
One clear morning of autumn were strung with silver
ropes of spider-web,
And the cold, green grass with its butterfly leaves
Was rimmed with white dew.
From the tops of the poplars could have been seen the
fields,
Far away in the sunlight, sere and brown like a floor-
ing —
Out there sere and brown with the last of their summer
music.

A valet with a duster in his hand and on his forearm a
dust cloth —
He may have been Swiss, for he wore a loin-cloth of
forest green —
Entered a front room of the chateau and suddenly stood
perfectly still there,
Listening amid the decorous morning silence of the
chateau
To a loud, nasty, little foreign noise coming from some-
where.
He uttered a few words, straight as the poplars but far
from being so delicate.
Uttered them in a language of the Academy and of
Fabre,
Finding the language of Fabre adequate for what he had
to say regarding a bug,
Adding in the same language, "What are you doing
there under that rug?"
And forward he strode and gave a quick
Academic or dithyrambic or choric kick
At the loose beautiful old marble (perhaps) brick.

And the Cricket on the Hearth,
For all its matutinal spontaneous mirth,
And without time for a sigh
That no poet was nigh
To see him die,
Was mashed — song and senses, back and belly —
Into unpotted cricket jelly.
And all the literary offspring of Boz,
Boz who despised your sentimentality
But doted on his own sentimentality
(As the rest of us) —
All the literary offspring of Boz
Who despise sentimentality about a Dresden shepherdess
But dote on sentimentality about the toes of a cricket —
The twentieth-century Bozzers,
Successors to those nineteenth-century ones
Who loved the domestic canary, and the owl if perched on a bookcase,
And the pheasant with its young and its nest if well arranged on a table —
Served *sous cloche* like mushrooms,
The twentieth-century Bozzers, green and leafy with genius
And ready to exude poetic gum at the bare mention of the natural,
Laboring at the cult of the natural
And therefore never natural themselves
Because no cult is natural
But is a saturated solution of self-consciousness,
All the Neo-Bozzers must have wailed aloud
At the sudden violent death
Of the Cricket on the Hearth —
A natural thing making natural music,
Having been caught in an altogether unnatural place.

But the valet lifted the little Dresden shepherdess from the mantelpiece
And dusted her tenderly and put her back in her place,
As the valet before him had done,

As the valet after *him* would dust her tenderly and put
her back in her place.
But he held her awhile and at arm's length and looked
at her,
Smiled at her slippers and at the rose in her hand,
Smiled at her hat tilted the way he had seen one,
Thought of some one he loved and slipped his arm about
her
In advance of the coming dusk and counted the days to
follow
Before *she* should have fine things on her feet and her
hair and her bosom.

Then more briskly he went on with his dusting,
The happier for the shepherdess as workman, lover and
man,
And none the worse for the happiness.

One day the Marquis, lord of the chateau and gardens,
White and slight and slim like the poplars about his
birthplace,
Paused before the shepherdess, thinking of the Marquise,
Seeing her as she was in the days of their youth to-
gether—

Days now vanished forever beyond the brown fields of
autumn.
And all that day with a tenderer grace and an eye on the
lost
He watched her.
One day the Marquise, catching sight of the shepherdess,
Suddenly thought of something laid away in its freshness,
Folded still sweet and fresh in its antique woodwork.
It she would send as a gift to the daughter of the curé,
About to be married, a godchild.

One day the abbé, the scholar, brother of the Marquis,
Walking gravely in the room with thoughts of his history,
Wheeled angrily before the little Dresden shepherdess on
the mantelpiece,

Remembering Marie Antoinette and her acres of pastoral playground
In the forest of Versailles near the Petit Trianon.
Saw once more and more near him French follies and revolution,
Went straight from the room and wrote more fiercely on avenging Time,
Wrote on the work of France in the coming glory of the world.

But all the valets mashed all the crickets
Singing in the morning stillness of the beautiful sixteenth-century French château.
And none of them as he dusted the shepherdess laid her in the nook of his arm
And carried her out to the fields and set her up there with the crickets,
Thinking the fields the place for the Dresden shepherdess.
And none of them caught a cricket and brought it back to the château
And dusted it and put it on the mantelpiece
Or under the mantelpiece as the natural place for a cricket;
And none of the valets, if he could help it, killed a cricket in the fields,
But stepped over it carefully if tangled in the grass and unable to escape sudden death under his feet.

For the valets have nothing against the crickets in the fields
Where nothing ends or defeats
The music of the earth—
Read Keats!
Glorious, undoctrined, undoctored spirit!
Who sang of the grasshopper
But who sang too of the Grecian urn on the mantelpiece
(Or some equivalent of the mantelpiece)—
Sang of the sentimental, artificial scene on the Grecian urn—
More sentimental, more artificial, than the little Dresden shepherdess—

Sang of the artificial Greek heifer lowing at artificial
Greek skies.
Boundless poet of Nature
But poet also of all that is beautiful
In the bounded spirit of man—

The most beautiful thing in that spirit being man's art.
His art which is but little pictures
To bring near him the beauty that is far away or
beyond him.
Whether it be the little Dresden shepherdess on the
mantelpiece,
Or the Grecian urn on its mantelpiece
With its sentimental, artificial heifer lowing at the skies
And at the mystery of sacrifice; or whether it be
The little wooden crucifix, held before dying eyes,
As the hope that, closing on earth,
They will open in paradise.

The Bookman *James Lane Allen*

THE YEARBOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

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